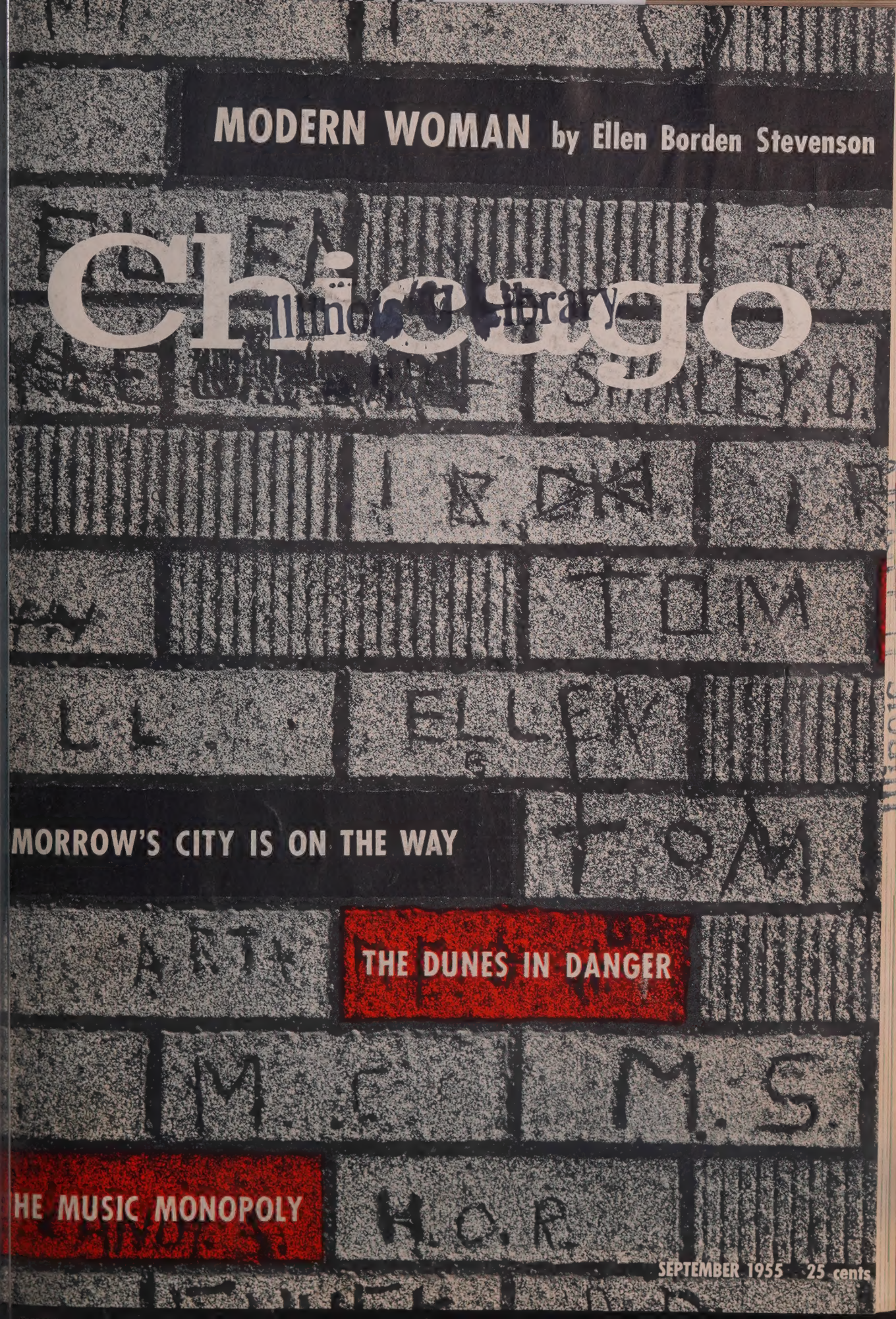
MODERN WOMAN by Ellen Borden Stevenson
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HE MUSIC MONOPOLY
SEPTEMBER 1955 25 cents

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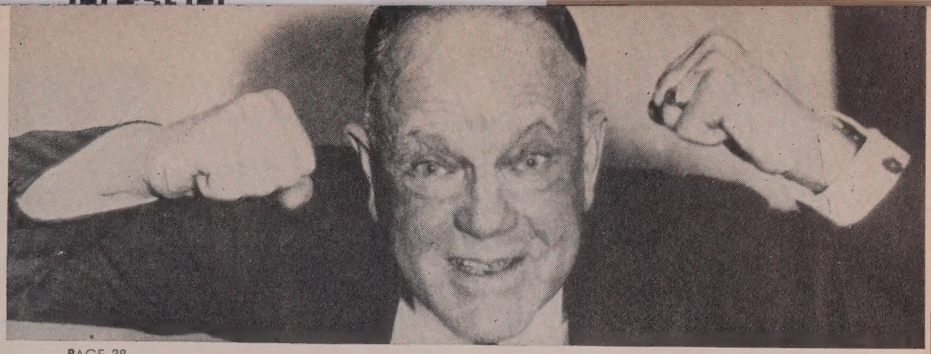

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## CONTRIBUTORS

Ellen Borden Stevenson, author of "Modern Woman," is one of the city's leading patrons of the arts. The former first lady of Illinois now devotes most of her time to the 1020 Art Center which she founded in the Borden family home on Lake Shore drive.

"Tomorrow's City Is on the Way," an evaluation of the Fort Dearborn project, includes a commentary by Earl Kribben, vice-president of Marshall Field and company and chairman of the project.

The author of "Billy Sunday vs. Satan," William C. McLoughlin jr., is an assistant professor of American civilization at Brown university. The article consists of excerpts from his book, to be published in October by the University of Chicago Press.

Bernard Asbell, who wrote "Good Music: It's a Merchandising Proposition," is a CHICAGO staff member. He has often written on musical subjects.

## COVER

Harry Callahan's photograph of the texture of a scrawled brick wall was the basis for the cover design by Carl Schranz.

Something almost like printing is done by apprehensive Suzanne Fields when a group goes to the blackboard.

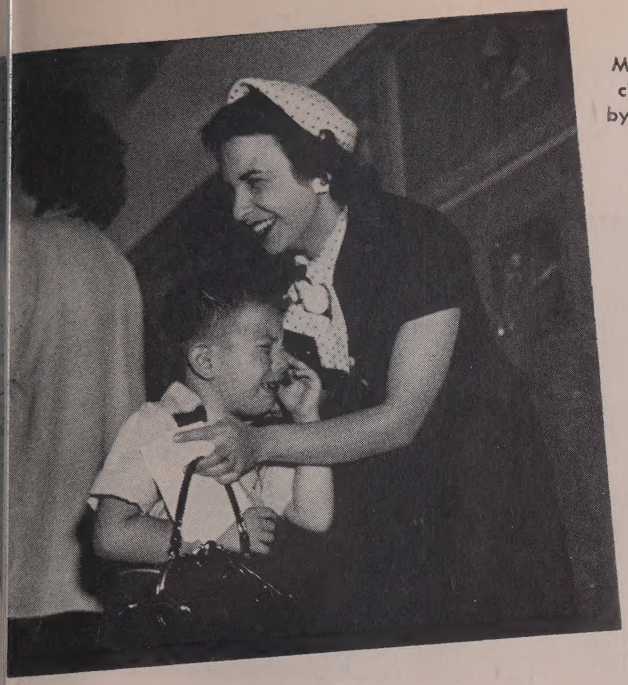
*At Ogden school, a group of youngsters lives thru an experience that will last a lifetime in memory*

# 1st DAY IN 1st GRADE

**photographs by David Jackson**

Unable to speak English, Mary Diantzikis watches the teacher tell a fairy tale full of gestures, and thinks it over in Greek.

The teacher, Miss Kennan, asked children to perform and was surprised when they sang only popular songs.



Michael Meade cried. Teacher claims most tears are provoked by mothers who say, "You aren't going to cry, are you?"

Her mother reminds Patsy Williams to be sure to play with all the kids.

Yvonne Hartman moped all day, with too many people doing too many different things all around her in the strange classroom.

Paul Kornaw from Germany and Barry Fuzita, Japanese, became friends quickly altho they couldn't understand each other's speech, or anybody else's.

# WHAT GOES ON HERE

## listings of local events, with emphasis on entertainment

### THEATER

**Teahouse of the August Moon,** Erlanger, 127 n. Clark (ST 2-2459). Burgess Meridith has the lead in John Patrick's Pulitzer prize comedy about the American occupation of Okinawa. Opens Sept. 7. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

**Gilbert and Sullivan,** Blackstone, 60 Balbo (CE 6-8240). The D'Oyly Carte company in six operas. Sept. 13 thru 24: 13, 14 & 15 (mat. 14 & 15), "The Mikado"; 16 & 17 (mat. 17), "The Yeoman of the Guard"; 19, 20 & 21 (mat. 21), "Trial by Jury" and "H.M.S. Pinafore"; 22 & 23, "Iolanthe"; 24 (mat.), "The Pirates of Penzance." Eve., 8:30; mat., 2:30.

**Can-Can,** Shubert, 22 w. Monroe (CE 6-8240). Rita Dimitri and Ronnie Cunningham romp thru a lusty musical that has songs by Cole Porter and book by Abe Burrows. Nightly, 8:30 (Sun., 7); mat. Sat., 2:30.

**Cinerama Holiday,** Eitel's Palace, 159 Randolph (AN 3-0055). The three-eyed camera follows U. S. and European couples thru a reciprocal tour agreement. Nightly, Sun.-Thu., 8:30; Fri., 7 & 10; Sat., 7:30 & 10:30. Mat., Mon.-Thu. & Sat., 2:30; Fri., 1; Sun., 2 & 5 (thru Sept. 14, Wed., 11).

#### summer theaters

(Summer theater programs are subject to abrupt change, so it is best to check before starting out).

**Drury Lane,** 97th & Western (HI 5-2666). Thru Sept. 9, Basil Rathbone in "The Winslow Boy." Nightly except Mon., 8:30 (Sat., 10). Dining at the Martinique, next door.

**Fox Valley,** Arcadia theater bldg., St. Charles (CO 1-0440). Thru Sept. 4, "Guys and Dolls." Nightly except Sun., 8:30. For dining, the Log Cabin, 1 w. Main, St. Charles.

**Music theater,** County Line & Skokie, Highland Park (BR 4-7447). Thru Sept. 4, Mimi Benzell in "By the Beautiful Sea." Nightly, 8:30. Dining at Villa Moderne, next door.

**Salt Creek,** 1st & Garfield, Hinsdale (BI 2-1492). Thru Sept. 11, "No Time for Comedy," with Sarah Churchill. Nightly except Sun., 8:30; mat. Wed. & Sat., 2:15. Dining at Old Spinning Wheel, 421 e. Ogden, Hinsdale.

**Shady Lane,** U.S. 20, Marengo (Marengo 925). Thru Sept 4, "Because Their Hearts Were Pure." Nightly except Mon., 8:30. Dining at Shady Lane farm.

**Tenthouse,** 508 Central, Highland Park (HI 2-1160). Thru Sept. 4, "Dial 'M' for Murder"; Sept. 9 thru 16, "Champagne Complex." Nightly except Mon., 8:40 (Sun., 7:40). Dining at Moraine hotel, 2501 Sheridan, Highland Park.

### DANCE

**New York City ballet,** Opera House, 20 n. Wacker (FI 6-0270). Maria Tallchief and Andre Eglevsky head the company. Sept. 7 thru 18. Nightly, 8:30; mat., Sat. & Sun., 2:30.

### SPECIAL EVENTS

**S. S. Aquarama,** Navy pier (DE 7-6868). Dancing, maritime exhibits, aquatic shows and other entertainment aboard a Great Lakes passenger ship anchored at the east end of the pier; special programs for children. Thru Sept. 12. Daily, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., 5 p.m. to midnight.

**Armed Forces benefit football game,** Soldier field, Lake Shore at 14th (DE 2-5400). Chicago Bears vs. Cleveland Browns. Sept. 15, 8:30 p.m.

**Powerama,** lake front south of Soldier field (DE 7-4601). General Motors display of high-powered vehicles, boats, trains and machinery. Thru Sept. 25. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 11 p.m.; Sun., noon to 11 p.m. Free.

**Riverview Park Mardi Gras,** Riverview park, 3300 n. Western (LA 5-2330). Thru

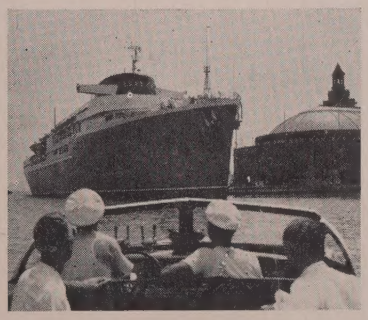
Sept. 11, 11:30 a.m. to midnight.
**2nd Annual Midwest Designer-Craftsmen fair,** McKinlock court terrace, Art Institute, Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). Sept. 24, 1 to 5 p.m. & Sept. 25, 11 a.m. to 7 p.m.

## ART EXHIBITS

**Art Institute,** Michigan at Adams (CE 6-7080). Masterpiece of the month: early American candle cup by Cornelius Van Der Burgh (1652-99). **New exhibits:** Sept. 5 thru 25, Art Institute school show, east wing galleries; from Sept. 15, photographs of the Golden Gate bridge by Fred Lyons, gallery 5; from Sept. 25, Picasso works in the museum collection, gallery of art interpretation. **Continuing:** thru Sept. 1 photographs of the city by local press photographers, gallery 5; prints by Goya and Manet from the Institute's collection, galleries 13 and 16; landscape prints of the 16th thru 19th centuries, gallery 17; recent acquisitions by the print department, gallery 11; Japanese folding screens of the 17th and 18th centuries, gallery H-9; woodcuts by Ichiryusai Hiroshige from the series "One Hundred Views of Ido," gallery H-5; thru Sept. 22, "The Trial," by Jack Levine, with 25 preliminary drawings and three oil studies, gallery of art interpretation; selection of woven fabrics of the 19th century, demonstrating transition from hand to mechanical production, galleries A-1 thru A-5. Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun. & hol., noon to 5 p.m. Free Wed., Sat., Sun. & hol.
**Chicago galleries,** watercolors, serigraphs and color etchings by artist members. Thru Sept., 30 s. Michigan (CE 6-9656). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sat., to 4 p.m.
**Contemporary European drawings and gravures.** Thru Sept., Main Street gallery, 642 n. Michigan (SU 7-6600). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat. to 6 p.m.
**Morton Goldsholl,** designs. Thru Sept., Leonard Linn gallery, 821 Chestnut ct., Winnetka (WI 6-3736). Mon.-Sat., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Thu. to 9 p.m.
**Martyl,** paintings; **Mrs. Bud Cohn,** handcrafted jewelry. From Sept. 3, Chicago Public library art department, Michigan at Randolph (CE 6-5821). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 7 p.m.; Sat. to 5:30 p.m.
**North Shore Art league,** paintings, sculpture, watercolors and graphics. Thru Sept., Mandel Bros. galleries, 1 n. State (ST 2-1500, ext. 892). Mon.-Sat., 9:15 a.m. to 5:45 p.m., except Mon. & Thu. to 8:30 p.m.
**Bunni Sovetski,** sculpture; work by **New Trier High school art department;** photographs by Joseph Zack of the "Daily News." Thru Sept., Riccardo's restaurant, 437 Rush (SU 7-2874). Mon.-Sat., 11:30 a.m. to 4 a.m.; Sun. from 1 p.m.
**Raymond Toloczko,** paintings. From Sept. 9, Palmer House gallery, 119 n. State (FR 2-0790). Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

## MUSEUMS

**Adler planetarium,** lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WA 2-1428). Sept. show: What Are Stars? Mon.-Sat., 11 a.m. & 3 p.m.; Tue. & Fri., 8 p.m.; Sun., 2 & 3:30 p.m. Museum hours: daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., except Tue. & Fri. to 9 p.m. Free Wed., Sat. & Sun.
**Chicago Academy of Sciences,** 2001 n. Clark (LI 9-0606). Natural history exhibits pertaining to the area. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free.
**Chicago Historical society,** Clark & North (MI 2-4600). One of the country's finest collections of historical items, with Lincoln and pioneer exhibits particularly outstanding. Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol., 12:30 to 5:30 p.m. Free weekdays.
**Dearborn observatory,** Northwestern university, Sheridan rd., Evanston (UN 4-1900). Open to the public every clear Fri., 8:30 to 10 p.m. Free.
**George F. Harding museum,** 4835 Lake Park (KE 6-0008). Medieval armor, arms and art. Daily, 1 to 5 p.m., except Mon. & Sat.
**Museum of Science & Industry,** 57th & Hyde Park (MU 4-1414). Thru Sept., a special exhibit showing what causes hay fever and ways of avoiding it. Mon.-Sat., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.; Sun. & hol. to 7 p.m. Free.
**Natural History museum,** Field & Lake Shore drs. (WA 2-9410). Permanent exhibits in anthropology, geology, botany and zoology. Daily, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.
**Oriental Institute,** U. of Chicago, 1155 e. 58th (MI 3-0800). Historical treasures in art and culture of ancient Near East countries. Tue.-Sat., 10 a.m. to noon, 1 to 5 p.m.; Sun., 1 to 5 p.m. Free.
**Shedd aquarium,** lake front near Roosevelt rd. (WE 9-4681). 10,000 specimens of fish, from sharks to seahorses. Daily, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Free Thu., Sat. & Sun.



## TOURS

**Baha'i temple,** Sheridan rd., Wilmette (Wilmette 9846). Mon.-Sat., 10:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m., 7 to 9 p.m.; Sun., 10:30 a.m. to 9 p.m.
**Chicago Tribune,** 435 n. Michigan (SU 7-0100). Tours of editorial and mechanical departments. Mon.-Fri., 2, 4 & 8 p.m. Free.
**Curtiss Candy factory,** 750 Briar place (BI 8-6300). Tue. & Wed., every half hour from 12:30 to 2:30 p.m. Reservations necessary.
**Ford Motor company,** 12600 Torrence (MI 6-3100, ext. 250). Assembly plant. Mon.-Fri., 9 & 10 a.m., 1 & 2 p.m.
**Marshall Field & Co,** 111 n. State (ST 1-1000). Groups of five to 20, from third floor information desk. Mon.-Fri. Advance reservations necessary.
**Merchandise Mart,** Mdse. Mart plaza (WH 4-4141). Home furnishing displays. Mon.-Fri., 9:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.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**Midwest Stock exchange,** 120 s. La Salle (FI 6-1111). Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 2 p.m.; Sat., 9 to 11 a.m.

**Sears, Roebuck & Co.,** 925 s. Homan av. (KE 3-2500). Mon.-Fri., 9:45 & 10:45 a.m., 1:45 & 2:45 p.m.

**University of Chicago,** (MI 3-0800, ext. 3018). Two-hour conducted tour of the campus, from Ida Noyes hall, 1212 e. 59th. Sat., 10 a.m. Free.

**Everybody's tired of waiting.**

**So we're opening a temporary Northside store September 1st**

We've decided that patience is no virtue at all. The site of our new Walton Gardens store is still overrun with steam shovels and cement mixers. And so, to assuage our own frustrations and those of our many Northside friends, we are setting up shop on a temporary beachhead across the street.

From this vantage point, we hope to get acquainted with you and to give you something of the taste and flavor of things to come in Chicago's most distinguished collection of contemporary home furnishings.

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## SPORTS

### baseball

**Cubs,** Wrigley field, Clark & Addison (BU 1-5050). **September 2, 3 & 4,** St. Louis; **5** (doubleheader), Milwaukee; **7,** Pittsburgh; **9 & 10,** Brooklyn; **11,** New York; **13,** Philadelphia; **17 & 18,** Cincinnati. 1:30 p.m.

**White Sox,** Comiskey park, 35th & Shields (WA 4-1000). **September: 20** (night) **& 21** (night), Cleveland; **23** (night), **24 & 25,** Kansas City. Day, 1:30 p.m.; night, 8.

### college football

**Northwestern,** Dyche stadium, Central st., Evanston (RO 4-4488). Sept. 24, Miami (O.). 1:30 p.m.

### pro football

**Cardinals,** Comiskey park (WA 2-9334). Sept. 10, Baltimore Colts (exhibition). 8:30 p.m.

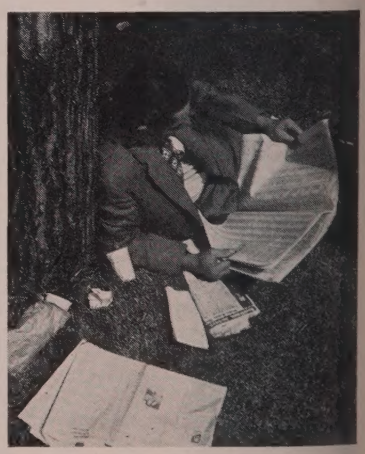
### golf

**USGA Senior qualifying,** Bob O'Link Golf club, 1120 Crofton, Highland Park (HI 2-0917). Sept. 8 (practice Sept. 7).

**Illinois open,** Flossmoor Country club, Western av., Flossmoor (Homewood 970). Sept. 19 thru 21.

### harness racing

**Maywood park,** 5th & North, Melrose Park (MA 6-4816). Thru Sept. Post time, Mon.-Sat., 8:40 p.m.



### thorobred racing

**Washington park,** 175th & Halsted, Homewood (IN 8-9212). Thru Sept. 5. Post time, Mon.-Fri., 2 p.m.; Sat. 1:45 p.m.

**Hawthorne race track,** 35th & Laramie, Cicero (BI 2-1350). Meet opens Sept. 6. Mon.-Fri., 2 p.m.; Sat., 1:45 p.m.

### polo

**Oak Brook Polo club,** Int'l fields, Hinsdale (Hinsdale 3212). Sun. & hol., 3 p.m.

### stock car racing

**Raceway park,** 130th & Ashland (FU

5-4035). Wed., Fri., Sat. & Sun. Time trials, 7 p.m.; first race, 8:30.
**Soldier field**, Lake Shore at 14th (HA 7-5252). Sept. 3 & 5. Time trials, 6 p.m.; first race, 8.

### yachting

**Tri-State race,** Columbia Yacht club, foot of Monroe (DE 7-3188). Sept. 2, Chicago to St. Joseph, Mich.; Sept. 4, St. Joseph to Michigan City, Ind.; Sept. 5, Michigan City to Jackson Park Yacht club.
**Fall Roundup — Star class,** Chicago Yacht club. Belmont harbor, Sept. 18.

## TELEVISION

### sunday

**City Desk** (3 p.m., Channel 5). Local newsmen go to work, with a 30-minute deadline.
**You Are There** (5:30 p.m., 2). History revisited.
**Ed Sullivan Show** (7 p.m., 2). The variety man takes on his eighth star-laden season.
**Variety Hour** (7 p.m., 5). Out to beat Sullivan with his own weapons.
**Color Spread** (Sept. 11, 6:30 p.m., 5). "The Skin of Our Teeth," with Helen Hayes, Mary Martin, Florence Reed and George Abbott. In color and black and white.
**Sunday Playhouse** (8 p.m., 5). Live dramatics.
**Studs' Briefcase** (11 p.m., 7). The city gets the deft Terkel touch.

### monday

**Caesar's Hour** (7 p.m., 5). Sid Caesar roars back.
**Producers Showcase** (Sept. 19, 7 p.m., 5). Musical version of "Our Town," with Frank Sinatra. In color and black and white.
**Medic** (8 p.m., 5). Knights in shining stethoscopes.
**Medical Horizons** (8:30 p.m., 7). Remote telecasts from medical centers. Starts Sept. 12.
**Robert Montgomery Theater** (8:30 p.m., 5) and **Studio One** (9 p.m., 2).
**In Town Tonight** (10:15 p.m. weekdays, 2). Light music, light talent.

### tuesday

**Warner Bros. Presents** (6:30 p.m., 7). Hour-long film dramas, starts Sept. 13.
**Tuesday Playhouse** (8:30 p.m., 5). Starts Sept. 27.

### wednesday

**Disneyland** (6:30 p.m., 7). The wonderful world of Walt Disney.
**Kraft Theater** (8 p.m., 5) and **Steel Hour-Front Row Center** (9 p.m., 2).

### thursday

**Climax!** (7:30 p.m., 2). Living room theater.

### friday

**Person to Person** (9:30 p.m., 2). Ed Murrow goes calling.

### saturday

**Mr. Wizard** (10:30 a.m., 5). Don Herbert electrifies kid scientists.
**Football** (2 p.m., 5). Sept. 24, Notre Dame vs. Southern Methodist.
**Star Jubilee** (Sept. 24, 8:30 p.m., 2). Premiere of the CBS big shows.

## FOR THE CHILDREN

### theater

**Tothouse,** Tenthouse theater, 508 Central, Highland Park (HI 2-1160). Sept. 3 & 10, "Hansel and Gretel." 2:30 p.m.

### parks

While most fall activities for children get into full swing at the end of September and early in October, registration and some classes begin early this month. Detailed information on the programs may be obtained by consulting supervisors of local parks.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*If WFMT affected you in any of these or the many other ways which a station that broadcasts 69 hours each week of serious music, drama, discussion and poetry, exclusively, can affect the 80,000 families who regularly listen to it, won't you stop in to our Palmer House suite during the 1955 International Sight and Sound Exposition and praise us, incite, suggest, raise Cain, or just plain get acquainted?*

*The International Sight and Sound Exposition is a three-day festival of high-fidelity excitement to which the public is invited, without charge, on September 30, October 1, and October 2. Whatever the phase of your high-fidelity interest, you may arm yourself with an Exposition brochure and a carrying kit to contain all the printed matter you care to collect, and see, hear, and discuss the operation of equipment brought to Chicago for this purpose by manufacturers from all over the world.*

*It's an event that takes place only once a year, and as in years past, we have been invited to be the guest of the Exposition to demonstrate how WFMT has become "the outstanding radio station in the country for cultural entertainment and high-fidelity transmission." We will broadcast direct from the Palmer House, employing actual studio equipment, from cartridges to control board.*

*The entire staff of WFMT joins with the 1955 International Sight and Sound Exposition in inviting you to be our guest.*

*The 1955 International Sight and Sound Exposition at the Palmer House*

**Friday — September 30 — 1 to 10 PM**

**Saturday — October 1 — 1 to 10 PM**

**Sunday — October 2 — 1 to 10 PM**

### archery

City-wide outdoor championships for cadets (under 12); juniors (13 to 14); and intermediates (15 to 18). Sept. 10 & 11, at foot of 61st in Jackson park. 10 a.m.

### boating

Rowboats may be rented at Lincoln park lagoon from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. daily.

### golf

Golfers under 16 pay half fee on weekdays and after 4 p.m. Sat., Sun. & hol. at golf courses in Marquette, Lincoln, Jackson and Columbus parks.

### swimming

Forest preserve and park district outdoor pools close Labor Day, but the following park district natatoriums are open thruout the year: Austin Town Hall, Blackhawk, Independence, La Follette, Portage, Ridge and West Pullman. Phone parks for children's schedules.

### boat trips

**Mercury Sightseeing boats** (DE 2-1353) and **Wendella Boat co.** (DE 7-1446), Michigan av. bridge. One and two-hour boat trips on Lake Michigan. Daily, 10 a.m. to midnight.

**Shoreline Marine co.,** (SU 7-1714). Half-hour trips from Shedd aquarium dock, 9:30 a.m. to 5:15 p.m. and from dock opposite Buckingham fountain, 6 to 10:30 p.m.

### excursions

**Olson waterfall,** 2800 n. Pulaski rd. A 35-foot waterfall set in a rock garden with flowers, shrubs, trees and Indian relics. Daily, 8 a.m. to midnight. Free.

**Morton arboretum,** route 53, Lisle (Downers Grove 74). 4,800 varieties of trees and plants in 835 acres of woodland park with winding trails, small streams and deep ravines. Trail guides may be obtained in the administration building, which is open Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to noon, 1 to 5 p.m.; Sat., 9 a.m. to noon, 2 to 5 p.m.; Sun., 2 to 5 p.m. Arboretum gates are open from sunrise to sunset. Free.

**Little Red Schoolhouse,** Willow Springs rd. (107th av. south of 95th st.) (CO 1-8400). Forest preserve center for nature study with pictures and exhibits of fish, wild life, minerals and fossils.

**Gilbert Hall of Science,** 512 s. Michigan av. (WE 9-6366). Elaborate layout of model trains in operation. Mon.-Fri., 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

**Proviso freight yards,** Lake st. in Melrose Park (DE 2-2121). Tours for children 8 years and over thru a 21-acre area where freight cars are loaded and unloaded and made up into trains. Each group of ten children must be accompanied by an adult. Reservations necessary. Free.

**Grosse Point lighthouse,** Sheridan rd. & Central, Evanston (GR 5-3100). Visitors may climb to the top of the lighthouse for a panoramic view of Lake Michigan. Picnic spots nearby. Lighthouse open Fri. only, 4 to 4:30 p.m.

### zoos

**Lincoln park,** 2200 n. in Lincoln park (LI 9-3009). **Main zoo:** more than 2,500 animals, birds and reptiles; **Children's zoo:** a special enclosure south of the reptile house, with a Mother Goose theme, for children 12 and under; **Zoorookery** (at Fullerton): a rock garden with a large pond for water birds.

**Indian Boundary park,** 2500 Lunt av. (RO 4-7648). A small zoo with a bear, deer, small animals and birds.

**Brookfield,** 31st at Golfview, Brookfield (HU 5-0263). A 135-acre zoo with animals in surroundings resembling natural habitats, picnic areas and a **Children's zoo** and farm, where small animals may be petted and fed by visitors. Main zoo free Thurs., Sat., Sun. & hol.

**Hawthorn-Mellody farm & Children's zoo.** U. S. 21, 3 mi. s. of Libertyville (LI 2-2025). A recent addition to this children's zoo and mechanical milking parlor is the H-M Bar-20, a replica of a ranch and frontier town, with stage coaches, covered wagons and relics of the old West. Mon.-Fri., 10:30 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sun. to 6 p.m. Free Mon., Tue., Thu. & Fri.

### recreation centers

**Lighted schoolhouse** program is operated by the Board of Education after hours in 75 elementary and high schools. Registration begins after Labor Day for supervised activities which include sports, dancing, games, dramatics, choral groups and arts and crafts. Activities and schedules vary according to the needs of each community. For details, phone Francis B. McKeag, director of recreation centers, DE 2-7801.

### libraries

**Some special services** available to children: reading lists of books by grade and subject; information and counseling on children's literature; "talking books" (or records) and books in Braille for the blind and, for children confined to bed for lengthy periods, a ceiling projector which projects books on film to walls or ceilings for reading in a reclining position.

## NIGHT LIFE

**Black Orchid,** 101 e. Ontario (MO 4-6666). Thru most of Sept., Carl Ravazza and Phil Gordon share in the entertainment, which involves a lot of singing.

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**Blue Angel,** 801 Rush (SU 7-5060). The "Voodoo Calypso" revue, with the Shango trio, songs by Vivi and Venita and dances by Obuba, remains thru Sept. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 8:30, midnight & 2. Food a la carte.

**Boulevard Room,** Conrad Hilton hotel, 720 s. Michigan (WA 2-4400). The "Carnival on Ice" revue offers a whirling colorful melange of skating acts, including acrobatic antics by the Le Duc brothers, puppetry by Victor Charles and juggling by Lou Folds. Frankie Masters' orchestra and the Tattlers provide the music and singing. Open from 6:30 p.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; Sun. mat., 4 p.m. Dinner from $3.25. $2 cover.

**The Buttery,** Ambassador West hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Quiet and elegant for 17 years, with dancing to Ralph Rotger's Latin-American rhythms. Noon to 2 a.m.; dancing after 9. Flaming sword dinner $5.50-$9.50; other food a la carte. $3 min. Fri. & Sat.

**Camellia House,** Drake hotel, Lake Shore & Michigan (SU 7-2200). French cuisine and Jimmy Blade's music. Noon to 3 p.m., 6 p.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch $1.75-$2.50; dinner $5-$6.

**Chez Paree,** 610 Fairbanks (DE 7-3434). From Sept. 22, lots of singing by Sammy Davis and June Christy. 6 p.m. to 4 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight; late shows Fri. & Sat., 2 a.m. Dinner $3.50-$4.75; $5.50 special includes cover and minimum, 7-course dinner, after-dinner liqueur, show and dancing.

**College Inn Porterhouse,** Sherman hotel, Randolph & Clark (FR 2-2100). Dining is western style; music is by Frank York, his fiddle and orchestra. Noon to 1 a.m.; Sat. to 2 a.m. Lunch $1.65-$1.95; dinner $4.50-$675

**The Compass,** 1151 e. 55th (MU 4-3757). Impromptu drama and other extemporary liveliness in a beer hall setting. Folk music Mon.; members' workshop Tue. Entertainment begins about 9 p.m. and lasts later Fri. & Sat. $1 min. Fri. thru Mon.

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**Empire Room,** Palmer house, State & Monroe (RA 6-7500). Singer Lisa Kirk remains thru Sept. 14. "Boast of the Town," a music and comedy revue with Will Jordan's take-off on Ed Sullivan, opens Sept. 15. 6 p.m. to 2 a.m.; shows 8:30 & midnight. Dinner from $4.

**Glass Hat,** Congress hotel, 500 s. Michigan (HA 7-3800). Wayne Muir's "Glass Hatters" play a steady two-beat for dancing. 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Dinner from $3.50.

**Jardin Royale,** Edgewater Beach hotel, 5349 Sheridan (LO 1-6000). A New Orleans setting for sipping and dancing, with flower beds, fountains and other atmospheric apparatus and Dick Carlton's orchestra. 6 p.m. to midnight; Sat. to 1 a.m. Dancing from 9.

**London House,** 360 n. Michigan (AN 3-6920). A steak and chop house of popular repute adds evening entertainment, beginning Sept. 14 with Barbara Carroll's progressive jazz trio. Music 8:30 to 2 a.m.; Sat. to 3 a.m.

**Mister Kelly's,** 1028 Rush (WH 3-2233). Jimmy Bowman's piano and Audrey Morris' show tunes ease the evening along nicely. 5 p.m. to 4 a.m. Food a la carte.

**Pump Room,** Ambassador East hotel, State & Goethe (SU 7-7200). Elegant hang-out for celebrities and celebrity-watchers. David Le Winter's orchestra plays danceable music. Noon to 2 a.m. Flaming sword dinner $5.50-$9.50; other food a la carte. $3.50 min. Fri. & Sat.

**Swiss Chalet,** Bismarck hotel, 171 Randolph (CE 6-0123). Endre Ocskay's orchestra and an Alpine decor. Noon to 1 a.m. Lunch $1.25-$3; dinner $3.50-$6.

## jazz

**Beehive lounge,** 1503 e. 55th (PL 2-9060). Sept. 2 thru 15, Art Blakey shows the way on drums to his Jazz Messengers; from the 16th thru the 29th, Sonny Stitt leads the house band on tenor sax; back to drums on the 30th, this time with Max Roach leading an aggregation of jazzmen. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. Jam session Mon.; closed Tue. No cover or min.

**Blue Note,** 3 n. Clark (DE 2-2247). Thru Sept. 12, Bob Scobey's band, including Clancy Hays and banjo, dishes out Dixieland; Sept. 14 thru 26 two groups share the billing: Roy Hamilton, jazz singer, and his backers and the Johnny Smith quartet; on the 28th, Dave Brubeck brings his men in for a week's stay. Food a la carte, $1.50 to $3. $3 min. 9:30 p.m. to 3:30 a.m.; Sun mat., 5 to 7 p.m, features soft drinks for teenagers. Closed Mon. & Tue.

**Cloister inn,** Maryland hotel, 900 Rush (SU 7-4568). Lurlene Hunter continues to pile up seniority, dividing the vocal work with Jo Ann Miller, a more recent arrival. Dick Marx, piano, and Johnny Frigo, bass, own Monday and Tuesday. Nightly, 10 to 4 a.m. No cover or min.

**Jazz, Ltd.,** 11 e. Grand (SU 7-2907). Nothin' but Dixieland. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m.; closed Sun. $2 min.

**Max Miller Scene,** 2126 n. Clark (EA 7-8760). The proprietor, returning to jazz after an absence of some years, dispenses cool-school improvisations in a tiny, geometrically decorated room with a bass player on his right and the liquor stock under the piano. 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. No cover or min.

**Preview lounge,** 7 w. Randolph (AN 3-6908). The Dukes of Dixieland, their National Guard duty not long behind them, play a marching beat of a different kind. Music 8 p.m. to 3 a.m. No cover or min.

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## EATING OUT

**Berghoff's,** 17 w. Adams (HA 7-3170). Excellent inexpensive food, efficiently served in a big, old-fashioned room. German food and dark beer are specialties. 11:30 a.m. to 10 p.m.; closed Sun. Lunch from $.75; dinner from $1.25.

**Blackhawk Restaurant,** 139 n. Wabash (RA 6-2822). Don Roth's prime rib palace has a rolling rib cart, spinning salad bowl and personality waiters. Weekdays, 11 a.m. to 10:30 p.m.; Sat., 1:30 p.m. to 1:30 a.m.; Sun., 3:30 to 10 p.m. Dinner $2.50-$5.

**Cape Cod Room,** Drake hotel, La Shore & Michigan (SU 7-2200). Sea fo that compares with the best served salt water ports. Noon to midnight. A carte service.

**Clipper Room,** Atlantic hotel, 316 Clark (WA 2-2646). Sea food with a se around you atmosphere. Also Germa dishes. A la carte from $1.55. 11:30 a.r to 8:30 p.m. Closed Sat. & Sun.

**Cloud Room,** Midway airport (PO 0600). Fine Marshall Field fare ar wide windows for watching the arriv and departure of planes. Daily, 8 a.r to 9 p.m. Lunch $1.50; dinner $2.5 and a la carte.

**Fred Harvey's Harlequin Room,** Palr olive building, 919 n. Michigan (D 7-0606). A dark, cool room for summe dining. 11:30 a.m. to 9 p.m. Lunc from $1.25; dinner from $2.25

**Gold's,** 810 Roosevelt (SE 3-4300 Some of the best Kosher cookery i town. Daily, 6 a.m. to 9 p.m. Dinne from $1.50.

**Kungsholm,** 100 e. Ontario (WH 4-2700 Smorgasbord here, of course. Reserva tions are required for the extraordinar puppet opera in the miniature theate 11:30 a.m. to 3 p.m., 5:30 to 10:30 p.m Lunch $2-$3.50; dinner $3.50-$6.

**Old Heidelberg,** 14 w. Randolph (FR 2 1892). Hearty German fare in a Loop rathskeller. 11 a.m. to 1 a.m. Lunch fron $1.15; dinner from $1.75.

**Vogue Tap Room & Grill,** 3808 Broad way (DI 8-9089). A small, informal place that has good sirloins for $2. Daily, 1 a.m. to 4 a.m.

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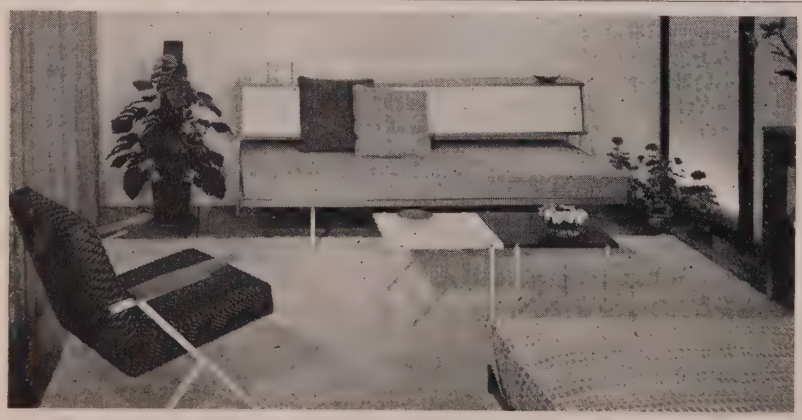
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## suburban & beyond

**Colonial Homestead,** 9101 Waukegan rd., Morton Grove (OR 3-3780). Good food in a friendly, relaxing atmosphere. Noon to 1 a.m. Lunch $1-$2.50; dinner $2.50-$4.50, mainly a la carte.

**Fanny's,** 1601 Simpson st., Evanston (GR 5-8686). Fanny's fried chicken, spaghetti and hospitality are widely renowned. Mon.-Sat., 5 to 10 p.m.; Sun from noon. Dinner $1.75-$4.75.

**Gabriel's,** 111 s. Main st., Oak Park (EU 6-4607). The hot breads and pastries here are exceptional. Noon to 3 p.m., 5 to 8 p.m.; Sun. to 7:30 p.m. Lunch from $1; dinner $1.50-$2.45.

**Sally's on the Skokie,** Skokie hwy. near Glenview rd., Skokie (OR 3-3131). Un pretentious food served in pleasant sur roundings, with no skimping on quality or quantity. Open 24 hours daily. Lunch from $.85; dinner from $1.75.

**Swedish Tea Room,** 11 n. 5th st., Ge neva (Geneva 4144). Smorgasbord is th tradition here, with additional Swedis dishes served on week ends. 11 a.m. 2 p.m., 5 to 8 p.m.; Sun. to 7 p.m. $1.7

**The Milk Pail,** Ill. 25 n. of Elgin (Elgi 5112). A fine stop for countryside ex plorers and lovers of fish, fowl, gam and country food. 11 a.m. to 9 p.m Sun., 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.; closed Mo Lunch from $1.25; dinner from $2.25.

**Wenzlaff's,** Milwaukee av., Wheelin (Wheeling 129). Homemade relishes an desserts and fine entrees (many of Ge man origin) make a drive here wort while. Noon to 10 p.m.; closed We Dinner from $3.25.

# WEST *of the Water Tower*

## SMOOTHER SAILING AHEAD

The S.S. *Aquarama* had to overcome some rough going in formally beginning its prolonged stationary shakedown cruise at the tip of Navy pier.

Because it was several hours late in arriving from Muskegon, the capacious excursion vessel had to hold its dedication ceremonies without having the members of the city council aboard. This was a tolerable omission, however, since whatever was lost in prestige was probably saved in Vat 69.

The lady who was called upon to break a bottle of champagne over the anchor windlass by way of christening the craft found her task complicated by the presence of newspaper photographers. The art of taking unposed pictures having largely died out among this group, they kept yelling, "Don't break it! Don't break it!" Obviously this advice was in direct contradiction to what she understood to be her role, but she accommodatingly held the bottle still for an extended period while the portrait men got their uncandid shots.

For seafaring types, the most disturbing event of the day occurred when a girl charged with making announcements pronounced *forecastle* the way it is spelled. This kind of unnautical behavior is definitely going to be belayed, however. Captain Bill Gallery, who is in charge of the whole operation, has promised to teach the young lady how to say *focs'le* before the *Aquarama* puts out to lake.

## KEFAUVER'S OVERSIGHT

A sign in a pet shop on west North Avenue reads: "Parakeets, $5. Babies, $1."

## INSIDE THE DIVISION STREET UNDERPASS

About eight years ago, while she was attending New Trier high school, Joyce Greller rode a horse onto the Bryn Mawr "L" platform and made a futile effort to book passage for Evanston. "I got in quite a bit of trouble that time," she recalls, with characteristic resignation.

She got in some more trouble last month, but this time the rewards were greater. The 24-year-old gamin of Bellevue place was the prime mover in a stunt which entertained several hundred of her neighbors, brought a note of frivolity to the usually grim Woman's court and, in the opinion of everybody but the Chicago Park district, temporarily improved the appearance of the underpass to the beach at Division street.

As a fanatical beach fan, Miss Greller had long been exposed to the uninspired and often downright rude inscriptions scrawled on the wall of the tunnel. She resolved to do something about it, and wrote to park district officials asking for permission to hold a subterranean soiree at which the cultured folk of the community would improvise more colorful and interesting decor.

By word of mouth, thru the mail and on the bulletin boards of Rush street dram shops, the news was spread that, at three o'clock of a Saturday morning, villagers were to dress like cavemen and ladies and attend a "Piltdown painting party" in the tube. The invitations were suitably embellished by a prominent young commercial artist who modestly and wisely refrained from signing his work. They included a notation that the project had been cleared with the park district.

At something like the 11th hour, however, the park district decided not to sanction the undertaking. That move, of course, constituted a challenge to Miss Greller's ingenuity, which is something like casting doubt on the solvency of the First National bank. She reacted by going straight to the park district office, where she had formerly worked, and requesting a couple of pieces of stationery. Asked why she wanted them, she said, "For a prank."

The letterheads were surrendered and Miss Greller wrote a couple of carefully worded missives of "acknowledgement" (not permission) addressed to a fictitious citizen and signed by mythical officials of the park district (actually by secretaries in a Michigan avenue office where the invitations had been duplicated earlier).

The letters were the making of the party. Policemen made frequent visits to the tunnel that night. They would run in with outraged expressions and then simmer down quickly when confronted with the counterfeit documents.

The word spread quickly among most of the guests that the authorizations were not quite legitimate, but few of them were inclined to leave. Some amused themselves by playing games with the police. One asked a sergeant, "Do these people have permission to be doing this?"

"Oh, yes," the officer replied. "This is an artistic group."

"Well, what do you think of this stuff?" the guest inquired, waving an arm at the metamorphosing wall.

"It's artistic," said the sergeant.

Not all of the police were so benevolent. Another joker approached one of them and demanded that something be done to stop the party, threatening to complain to his alderman if no action were taken. "Listen," said the cop plaintively, "I'd like to put a net at both ends of the tunnel and take

them all in. But I can't; they've got permission."

About 250 painters had fallen to at the appointed hour and by about 5 a.m. little space was left unpainted. The work ranged from a fancy study of the Easy Street tavern to mere lettering, such as "Big Joyce, the builder" and "shucks." A couple of guests were under the impression that the tunnel was to be painted as if it were a room. They put up a ladder and began covering the ceiling with a fetching pastel.

Altho a streamer reading, "Welcome, Stoned-Age," had been placed over the west entrance to the tunnel, there was a minimum of drinking, by the standards of the community. A hapless drunk did come by and pass out on the sidewalk near the portal. Not wishing to condone litterbugging, one of the guests picked him up and threw him behind a hedge.

The color at the party was not all in the paint. Somebody brought a pet raccoon; another guest was dressed in a gorilla suit; a bongo player dropped in and there was a profusion of pretty cave girls in gunny sacks.

A photographer went around taking pictures for *Life* magazine, which finally decided not to use them. He then sold the prints to *Playboy* for $500. After the whole thing was over a *Daily News* photographer showed up and made the standard shot with three people standing in front of a painting and two kneeling down. It ran in the paper that afternoon along with the allegation that the painters were members of the "North Side Artists guild."

The same afternoon the police swooped down on several of the Rush street rendezvous and hauled a lot of people to the Lincoln park station. Somebody had checked on the authenticity of Miss Greller's letters.

When the police were questioning Miss Greller a detective told her, "The trouble with you people is, you think we're dumb. But we know that Piltdown man is a fake."

The trial began on Monday morning in Women's court, where Judge John T. Zuris was presiding. There was a marked contrast in appearance between the carefully groomed erstwhile cave girls and the other defendants, most of whom were followers of an old if not venerable profession. A bailiff was circulating among the latter group advising them to get their cases continued on the basis that the judge was tough.

Miss Greller's mother paced the hall nervously, alternately irritated at her daughter's prank and concerned about its possible consequences. When a friend suggested that she might send Joyce to boarding school, she said, "Boarding school? I ought to give her a good spanking; that's what she needs." Then, again anxious, "What do you think will happen?"

Informed that the nine people finally booked by the police had participated in painting the tunnel, Judge Zuris was amused. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Did they overcharge the park district?" But when policemen produced photographs showing the worst parts of the work, he became less sympathetic. "I know nothing about art," he ventured, "but with a mop I could do much better than that." Then he continued the case to allow the park district time to prepare an estimate of what were interpreted as damages.

*drawing by Art Lerner*

The second session of the trial took place a couple of weeks later in the courtroom of Judge Erwin Hasten. Miss Greller refused to let the gravity of the occasion stifle her whimsical outlook on life. "What I'm really worried about," she told a group of friends, "is that I tore the label off the mattress this morning in violation of the law."

Acknowledging that none of the defendants looked like criminals, Judge Hasten added, "But you artists don't have the same licenses that poets do; you can't put yourselves above the law."

When one girl's lawyer said, "Well, judge, you know some of these young folks may have a little more life to them than even you and I have . . .," Judge Hasten cautioned him, "Talk for yourself."

An attorney for the park district was carrying a statement that it had cost the park district $380.74 to repaint the tunnel. "There's nothing primitive about this bill," he said. "It's very current."

The trial took the form of an attempt by the park district, the prosecutors, the police and the other defendants to put the entire blame on Miss Greller as the schemer who had baffled them all.

Judge Hasten withstood this campaign, however, and approved a plan whereby the park district would be paid off by money raised from the party guests, under Miss Greller's supervision.

At that one of the other defendants, a young lady who is by no means an infrequent visitor to the neighborhood bistros, stepped into her best ingenue role and said, "Why, judge, they're going to raise the money by making collections in *taverns*."

"How do you know so much about taverns?" Judge Hasten inquired quickly.

Then a lawyer returned to the theme that the other defendants had been led astray by the false invitations. "They're all old enough not to be influenced," the judge told him.

"But this police officer was fooled," said the lawyer, pointing to a nearby lieutenant.

"I'm not giving him any medals for it either," Judge Hasten replied.

Before ending that session of the trial, the judge warned Miss Greller that the money to pay the bill was not to be raised by similar painting parties in other places. "And don't be running around in caveman suits," he said. "People get scared."

On the way out of court Miss Greller disclosed plans for a new contribution to the mayor's clean-up campaign, this one entirely legal. "The river's getting awfully dirty," she said. "I've been talking to this detergent manufacturer about maybe putting a lot of it in the water and using a motor boat to churn up some suds."

## AN ATOMIC AGE ADVENTURE

Leonard Ritter has some informed advice for those who wish to do uranium prospecting the easy way: go out to Palos Park and spend the week end walking around with a Geiger counter.

This procedure isn't likely to turn up any uranium, but it has the advantage of not involving heavy expenditures, long hours of drudgery in a rarefied atmosphere nor close brushes with the hereafter.

Ritter endured all these hardships this summer when he went prospecting about 1,100 miles straight west of here; he also found some uranium.

He was accompanied by Randy Sitler, a 25-year-old sales correspondent from New York city with whom he shares a bachelor apartment near Ashland and Irving Park. Ritter, 33, is a native Chicagoan and works as a sales engineer for the Phillips Manufacturing Co. on Touhy avenue, which makes cleansing equipment and solvents for industry. His technical and mechanical skills were tried and found very useful in his foray into the Red desert of southern Wyoming, but careful preparation, he said, is the real key to successful uranium hunting: "There are hundreds of idiots running around out there who think they're prospecting, but a lot of them are just wasting their time."

Ritter and Sitler got interested in prospecting last winter after they had read some magazine articles on the subject. They studied books and maps to find out more about it, and began acquiring equipment early in May. The first piece was a 1942 Chevrolet truck with four-wheel drive, purchased from a contractor for $250 and given an equal amount of repair.

"The top speed of the truck was 45 miles an hour," Ritter said, "but it would go anywhere and we never would have got out of the desert without it. You have to have four-wheel drive; otherwise a little rain falls in the roadless areas and you just don't move. And it's good to have a closed truck because you can sleep and cook in it when it rains hard."

While they were fixing up the truck, the prospective prospectors bought some 55-gallon drums to carry gasoline in and some old wine barrels for water. They got sleeping bags because it gets cold in the desert at night, stoves and lanterns that burn white gas because there's no wood out there.

Ritter and Sitler were advised to try the Red desert by Russ Davis, proprietor of a local company that makes movies for television. Davis hunts antelope there every year and has done some film work in adjacent areas.

WHEN RITTER and Sitler had made all the preparations possible in this part of the country, they loaded their equipment into the one-and-a-half ton truck and headed for Denver, which is the main supply center for prospectors and miners thruout the Rocky mountain area. They picked up two Geiger counters there in a package deal for $260 and then made for the Red desert region.

They left Denver just after one of the big atomic bomb tests and got high fallout readings on the counters for a day or so, but the count was normal by the time they reached the desert.

The Red desert is triangular in shape, with an east-west base about 120 miles long and a north-south length of about 90. There are cities at each corner — Lander at the north, Rock Springs at the southwest and Rawlins at the southeast. In between there is practically no trace of humanity.

Minerally, the desert is a conglomerate. It shared in the gold rush around the turn of the century. Twenty years ago it was the site of a minor oil boom. It possesses one of the few substantial deposits of jade in the United States.

The area is a plateau 8,000 feet above sea level, not far below the height at which aviators begin taking oxygen. Its generally level surface of sandy soil is broken here and there by rugged outcrops of rock.

The inhabitants are thousands of antelope, sage hens the same color as the brush that covers the land, and ticks which cling to the bushes. Late in the summer, snakes are added to the menagerie.

As their jumping-up place for the ascent into this wasteland, the explorers chose a village about 40 miles west of Rawlins called Wamsutter — "population 103 when everybody's home," Ritter said.

There they met Davis, who had driven a truck of his own up from a movie project in Colorado. He helped them stock up on gasoline, food and other provisions and introduced them to an old saloon keeper who had been a stage coach driver early in the century.

The next day the two trucks were launched on a northwesterly course into the desert. They hadn't gone far when they met their second Western character, one with whom Ritter was greatly impressed.

According to Ritter, the saga progressed as follows:

"Russ introduced us to Jim Underwood, a state game warden about 55 who knows the desert like the back of his hand. He lives in Lander and his territory goes about 80 miles down into the desert, and also up into the hills to the north. He's been out there about 20 years, and he's a real rugged man. He has a state truck that he uses to cover the desert and a state-owned horse for climbing around in the mountains.

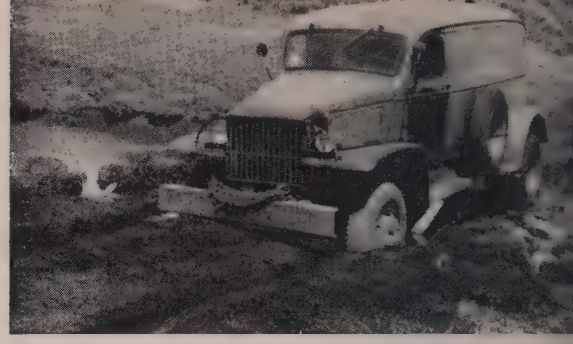
"He rolls his own cigarets and he won't touch made ones. He'll throw some canned sardines and crackers into the truck and stay out in the desert for a week. There's a story around that he used to be the greatest poacher in Wyoming, and they couldn't catch him so they made him warden.

"One of his jobs is encouraging hunters to trap beavers and issuing permits so they can collect the bounty. They like to keep the few streams they have flowing, and they don't want the beavers damming them up.

"Jim's never been to Chicago, but he's heard a lot of wild stories about it. He said he'd been told there are whole streams of cars going 50 miles an hour on the outer drive. He asked me, 'Is that true?' Then he said, 'I don't want to go to that place. You have to lock your hotel room and sleep with a pistol under your pillow.'

"After a couple bottles of Scotch and a lot of conversation with him we drove on. There weren't any roads, of course, but there were truck tracks all over the place, and we followed a sort of trail the Mormons had used when they went out to Salt Lake City. Every once in a while we'd see an old wagon tongue or something left over from those days.

THE ANTELOPE would run alongside the truck. The natives say they'll keep doing this no matter how fast you go and if they think you're going to get



away from them they'll start criss-crossing in front of you. If they get desperate they might even jump on the truck with all fours.

"After we'd gone about 70 miles we came to a place called Horseshoe Springs. It's really just a place, too. There's no town there at all. We'd planned on looking around there, but there was another camp, so we went up about six miles further north. We set up a camp there and spent the rest of the day getting used to the desert. We were amazed at the differences in temperature. During the day it would go up to about 85, and with no clouds you could get an awful sunburn if you didn't keep covered. At night it got down to 18 or 20 degrees.

"We spent the next couple of days setting up a kitchen and making short trips around the camp. We did a little panning for gold in a stream and found some, but it wasn't enough to bother with. This has another use, tho. Sometimes when you're panning you find traces of uranium-bearing ore washed down from upstream with the gold. Then you have an idea where to look for the source of the ore.

"There are a few guys around there who make a living by mining the gold. They go off by themselves and live like hermits. Then they take the gold various places and sell it under different assumed names. They don't believe in taxes.

"After we had the camp all set up and our equipment was ready, we got down to some serious work. We drove the truck up about seven miles further north where there were some outcrops of rock. The Geiger counter only registers what's within a few feet of the surface, so you have to break up the rock. We'd look for small veins and split them open with picks. The sedimentary rock that has the uranium is in the faults of the hard, pre-Cambrian stuff.

"You get tired fast out there because the air is so thin. I thought I was 55 for a while. We had to carry water about half a mile uphill from a spring. When we were working each of us would be carrying a Geiger counter, a canteen, a pick and a pistol. You need the gun in case a snake makes an early appearance. There are a few mountain lions around, too, altho we didn't see any. And there's another good reason for having a pistol. Any kind of a rush like this attracts every footloose jerk in the country, and every once in a while they find the body of somebody who's been drygulched.

"We'd get up about 6:30 every morning and go to bed about 8 at night. You sleep like you're dead out there and you eat like a horse. We had a pressure cooker and a lot of canned goods, and eggs and bacon covered with paraffin to preserve them.

"Every morning we'd get in the truck and go up north where we were prospecting. There was some melting snow in between, and the ground was soggy where the water was running down, but the truck would pull us thru. We'd drive back to the camp when it started getting dark.

THERE WAS a lot of petrified wood where we were looking and that's supposed to be a good sign of uranium ore. A couple of days after we started we went up a little further north and started working our way up an old creek bed near some jade claims. I was digging around in an outcrop when I started to get a good reading on the Geiger counter. I dug deeper into the rock with a mattock and the count was still high. So I called Randy over and told him about it, and then we both started digging in this one place, trying to find out the extent of the vein. Finally we got down to where we would have broken our backs digging any more, so we quit and put a notice of discovery in a mason jar to show that we wanted to make a claim. There are all kinds of legal formalities you have to go thru, and this is one of the first ones.

"We decided to move the camp up to where we were working, so we'd have all our equipment at hand. When we got back to camp we found out Russ Davis had been there and left us 30 gallons of gas. We were grateful for that, but we were even more grateful later on.

"The next day we started up to the new camp site. The truck was a lot heavier this time and we got stuck when we tried to cross the place where the snow was melting. We tried various ways of getting the truck out but none of them worked, and finally we decided to make camp there for the night.

"By the next morning the water was swelling up more, so we decided to

ard Ritter in approved desert
, including a week's beard.

top: The prospectors' truck got
in mud caused by melting
, and the results were almost
. Bottom: Randy Sitler uses a
er counter to test samples of
from a vein of sandstone.

end for help. We knew the guys
down at Horseshoe Springs had a jeep
with a winch on it, so we flipped a
oin to see who would walk down
o their camp. Randy lost, so he took
ur best compass and some food and
tarted walking.

"When he got there he found out
ne of the three prospectors had died.
he other two had gone into Lander
or the week end and when they came
ack he was dead of Rocky mountain
potted fever. This is a disease you get
rom the ticks that stay in the sage
rush and wait for a warm-blooded
ost to come along.

"We hadn't known about the ticks
hen we started out, and when we
ot there we didn't have time for the
eries of a week's shots you can take
or immunity. We'd pull the ticks off
f us at night so they wouldn't have
chance to burrow into the skin. But
andy got bit quite a few times; he
as always walking along with his
ut legs outside his boots.

"The next day Randy brought back
he guys with the jeep and they pulled
he truck out for us. After we got it
ut Randy felt tired, so he decided to
e down for a while. Then he got a fever. He took some aspirin and went to sleep again. We thought he had a cold or something like that. The next morning he was really sick, tho, and we decided to get the hell into Lander as fast as we could. We had to make about a 25-mile detour to get around the Sweetwater river, which runs along the north end of the desert. There aren't any fords in the part where we were.

"We were having trouble with the carburetor on the truck by this time and it was eating up gas at a fantastic rate. We headed west, hoping to hit the highway that would take us north into Lander. We were down to five gallons of gas when we were still in the desert, but finally we got to South Pass City, a town with about four buildings that's on the highway.

"We found a gas station there run by an old desert rat, but he didn't have any gas. He hadn't opened up for the summer yet. He looked at Randy and said, sort of cheerfully, 'Looks like he's got Rocky mountain spotted fever.' He advised Randy to get drunk.

"Randy's temperature was about 103 by this time and he was rolling around restlessly. The road into Lander was downhill practically all the way, and we coasted most of the 13 miles to get there. We went to a hotel and Randy kept eating aspirin while I went looking for a doctor. I couldn't find one, and the desk clerk told me to just take him to the hospital. When we got there the doctors grabbed him and started making a big study. Wiping out Rocky mountain spotted fever is a project with them, and when they find a case they all want to get in on it. It used to be fatal in 95 per cent of the cases until a few years ago, but now the modern drugs cure it. Randy started taking them and he recovered in about four or five days."

WHILE SITLER was recuperating, Ritter went around Lander, the seat of the county in which they had made their discovery, and checked up on legal problems — how to mark the claims, what papers to file, what lands had been deeded by the government to private owners. He also bought about 50 wooden stakes and got the truck repaired.

When Sitler was well again they drove back to the place where they had found the uranium and marked off five adjoining claims, each with the maximum legal extent of 600 by 1,500 feet. They were dragging 200 feet of surveyor's chain this time, in addition to the rest of their equipment.

After their work was finished they took rock samples to be assayed, put their truck and equipment in storage in Lander and filed the necessary legal forms. Davis had left on business, and they drove his truck back.

"The night after we got back," Ritter said, "I was sitting in Figaro's having a quiet beer when I started to feel very tired. I went home and went to bed. The next morning when I woke up I knew I had Rocky mountain spotted fever. I took some of the pills Randy had left over and got some more from a doctor. I had terrible pains in the lower part of my back. I started reading about the disease in a medical book but I got scared and stopped. It said you can get paralyzed if the tick bites you near the spine.

IT WAS sort of funny that I got the fever, because I was only bitten once and Randy must have got it 17 times. I used to say to him, 'I don't get 'em; I don't know why you get 'em.' The only bite I got was on the morning before we left the desert for the last time, and I didn't think that would be enough to give me the fever."

Ritter and Sitler are having samples of their ore tested in Denver. They have no idea yet whether the claims will be very valuable, worthless or somewhere in between.

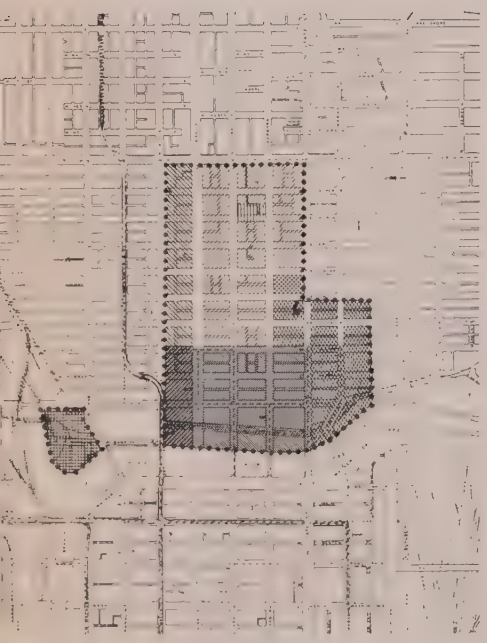
"If they turn out to be worth anything," Ritter said, "we'll try to sell them. We're not miners and we don't want to be. It takes a long time to get reports on your ore because so many samples are submitted. Everybody who picks up a rock wants to have it tested. They've got the stuff piled up in the streets in some of the towns out there.

"I'm going back in September and do some more checking out there, or maybe down further south. Our investment is made and we might as well see what we can get out of it. We've put in about $1,200 so far."

Ritter's trip this month will have a a dual purpose. He's marrying JoAnn Friede, a young actress from the West Side who has been making rapid progress in the New York theater for the past couple of years. They'll spend their honeymoon near, but not in, the Red desert. ▬

# TOMORROW'S

*The Loop will leap the river as one aspect of the Fort Dearborn project — the most comprehensive redevelopment job ever undertaken anywhere*



ROPOSED LAND USE

| | |
|---|---|
| Government | Residential |
| Parking | School - Park |
| Commercial - Institutional | Retail |
| Commercial - Lt. Industry | Heliport |

Map indicates sub-zones of the $288,000,000 Fort Dearborn project, which will center around the cluster of government buildings illustrated at right. Twenty-six structures in the project area which are in good condition will be retained, including (temporarily) the Reid-Murdoch building, at La Salle and the river, recently purchased by the city. It will probably be refaced to fit the architectural pattern and later replaced.

# CITY IS ON THE WAY

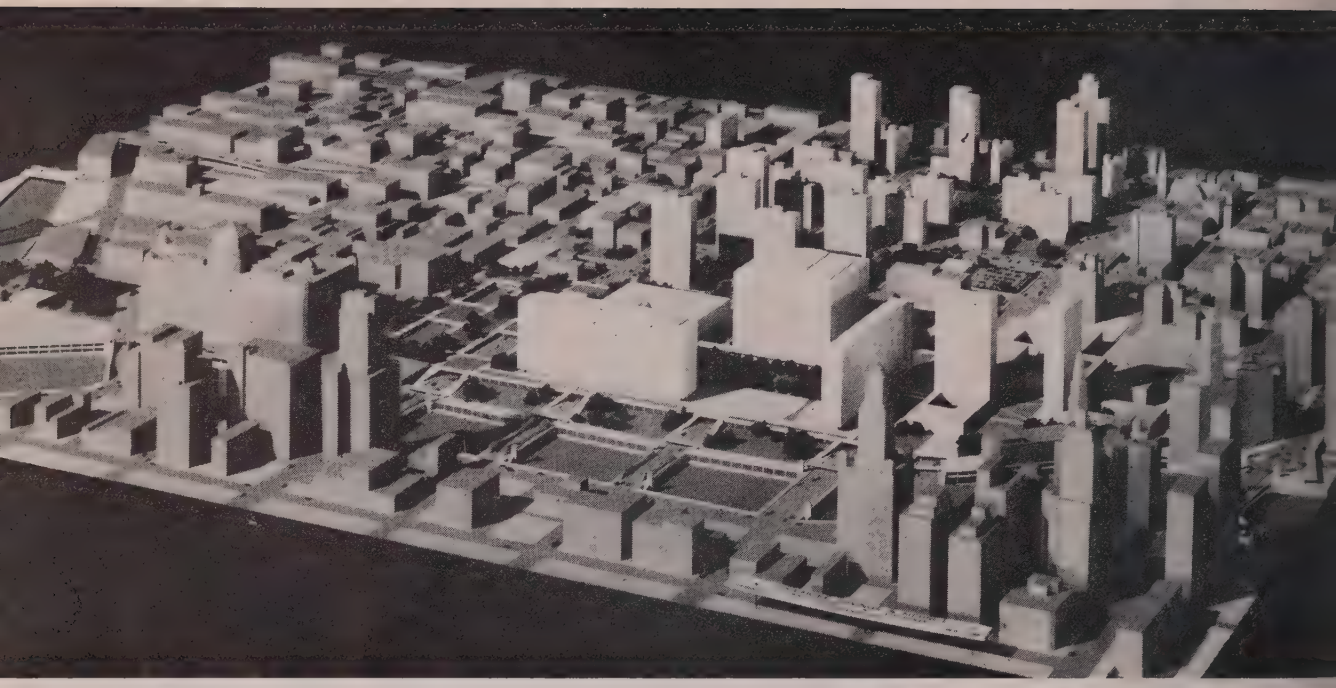
The Fort Dearborn project," said its sponsors in announcing it, "is a proposal for the planned redevelopment of a part of the central area, consisting of 147.5 acres north of the Chicago river, adjoining Chicago's Loop."

Phrasing so bald was of course necessary in a formal statement; but it could hardly have succeeded better in laying down the drama of this project, as it emerges when seen in the context of the city's history, and also in the context of contemporary city planning, here and elsewhere:

For reasons rooted in history and geography, the Near North Side is a microcosm of the city as a whole. An attack on the blight and deterioration of the area, or any section of it, involves an attack on virtually every one of the key problems of the metropolis.

This project is the *broadest* program of urban renewal that has been put forward to date — put forward not as a vision, but with the expectation that it will be realized, in its essential features, in a measurable period.

The statement that the Near North Side is a kind of epitome of the city as a whole suggests itself from a glance at history. The first resident of the metropolitan area, Jean Baptiste Pointe de Sable, built his cabin there; and it was later occupied by the first permanent settler, John Kinzie. In the



Building designs in the model above are tentative as to architectural style. First major construction definitely planned for the area is the new Sun-Times building on the river between Rush and Wabash. Next step in the project is to get commitments from private builders and prospective government tenants so federal aid may be obtained for clearing land. Arthur Rubloff, who conceived the project, believes construction could start in two years under optimum conditions.

nineteenth century, the immigrants who came to Chicago settled first in the Near North, before spilling over to the south, west and farther north. The first decades of the Irish, the German, the Swedish, the Italian and a host of lesser immigrations were lived out in the lands between the river and North avenue, and between the lake and the north branch, as the first decades of the Puerto Ricans are being lived there today. The history of almost every one of the major national groups in this city is associated with landmarks in the area, and most of these groups, migrating toward the periphery of the metropolis, have left small colonies behind in the Near North.

Meanwhile, something happened which made the area resemble the Left Bank of Paris: the section nearest the lake became the center of elegant residence; the avenue became one center of fasionable shopping; farther west the artists created a local bohemia which merged in the old honky-tonk district. A Latin Quarter, a Montparnasse and a St. Germain-des-Pres had been added to the older settlement.

In the course of the present century, the Near North has managed to combine the greatest concentrations of wealth and poverty, and such incongruities as the highest ratio of crime and the largest number of divinity students. Some of these incongruities are at their height in the site of the Fort Dearborn project, which is bounded south by the river; west by Wells street; north by Chicago avenue; east by State street to Ohio and by Rush from Ohio to the river. (Wolf Point, west of the Merchandise Mart, is also included in the project).

In urban renewal plans, it is customary and usually sensible to isolate one or two problems and try to solve them. The Lake Meadows development was focused on housing: it cleared a slum and replaced it with modern apartments (accommodating fewer people than the slum dwellings did). The West Side medical center is an attempt to unify, modernize and group together a central cluster of the city's hospitals, medical schools and allied institutions; it solves other community problems only as they are essential to solving the main one.

But the area of the Fort Dearborn project does not embody just one kind of urban decay. It is a residential area in decay, a business and industrial area in decay, a recreational area in decay. It is said to be the most extensive blighted area, within close proximity to the central business district, to be found in any American metropolis.

It could only be attacked, therefore, by a plan which is a multiple of plans and is designed, not to restore the area, but to transform it into a new community. These proposals are most dramatically presented in designs, sketches and models prepared by architect Nathaniel Owings, an enthusiastic supporter of the project.

The existing buildings in the area average over 50 years of age and include 2,083 dwelling units, of which 63 per cent are substandard. This compares with 40 per cent for the entire Near North Side, and 20 per cent for the city as a whole. One effect of this is in the tax revenue, which amounts to only $1,600,000 for the entire area—less than the cost of municipal services. The project would more than treble the current tax yield.

One radical proposal of the Fort Dearborn project is to devote 54.2 per cent of this area to 27 high-rise buildings containing 4,592 dwelling units. Residents will be individuals and families who earn their livings and center their social activity in the downtown district. Housing projects, as was the case with Lake Meadows, often displace more persons than they

## Preview: 1908

". . . while the keynote of the nineteenth century was expansion, we of the twentieth century find that our dominant idea is conservation. The people of Chicago have ceased to be impressed by rapid growth or the great size of the city. What they insist on asking now is, how are we living? Are we in reality prosperous? Is the city a convenient place for business? Is it a good labor market in the sense that labor is sufficiently comfortable to be efficient and content? Will the coming generation be able to stand the nervous strain of city life? When a competence has been accumulated, must we go elsewhere to enjoy the fruits of independence? If the city does not become better as it becomes bigger, shall not the defect be remedied? These are questions that will not be brushed aside. They are the most pressing questions of our day, and everywhere men are anxiously seeking the answers."

*from* The Plan of Chicago, *by Daniel H. Burnham & E. H. Bennett, 1908.*

Left: Daniel Burnham, first of the big planners, in contemporary caricature.

ehouse: but the Fort Dearborn pro-ect will provide dwellings for double he present population of the area, lus parking facilities which are not ow in existence. Furthermore, it is xpected that land acquisition will be radual, in order to avoid the error f displacing thousands of persons be-ore any new housing is provided. The se of high-rise buildings will make it ossible to leave extensive stretches of nd free for park and recreational ses; and it is proposed to interrupt me of the east-west streets which n thru the projected residential areas Superior, Huron and Erie between tate and Wells) thus diverting traf-c into fewer and wider thorofares.

From this point of view, the Fort earborn project represents an at-mpt, at the moment when the big ties are exporting their worst defects ncluding traffic jams and slums) to e suburbs, to bring back space, free-m and security into the heart of the ty.

An equally radical aspect of the oject is Fort Dearborn plaza, in-nded as a grouping of city, county, ate and federal buildings along the nk of the river, which will — ful-ling the dream of an older gen-ation of Chicago planners — at ngth have its north bank converted into an esplanade, running from Michigan avenue to Wells street.

Fort Dearborn plaza, as envisaged now, will occupy over 30 per cent of the total land of the site, and will consist of three main buildings: one for city, county and municipal agencies, also a state building and a federal building. Floor space available in these buildings alone will exceed that of the adjacent Merchandise Mart, the world's largest commercial structure.

The plaza is crucial to the future of the project, not only because of its extent but also because a firm commitment by the local governments to participate in its development would be an important factor in encouraging private developers.

THE FORT DEARBORN project involves a range of other aspects: an institutional-commercial development fronting on the river east of the government area and running back north; a commercial and light industry area in the northwest sector; extensive reorganization of the street system, provision of ample off-street parking space, development of Wolf Point as a heliport. Taken together, they cast a light on a fundamental aspect of the project:

It is not just a slum clearance project, nor just a building project; it is a mammoth extension of the Loop northward — a daring move by which the central business district leaps the river to tie itself in with north Michigan avenue, to reach out toward the projected development of Clark street further north, and to take advantage of the scheduled building of the Northwest expressway.

In most of its aspects, this extension has been conceived in line with the most enduring and practical features of the city planning which was done early in the century by Daniel Burnham, John Root, Charles Wacker and others.

In some ways it resumes the Burnham plan; in others it modifies it. Burnham saw Congress street as what it is now becoming: the east-west axis of the city. The Fort Dearborn project, however, rejects his conclusion that the city's spine should run east and west, and accepts the fact of a primary axis running north and south thru the Loop and the Near North Side. The formal statement announcing the project signifies the arrival on the local scene of a new group of city planners equally determined to remake major sections of the city and well launched on a time schedule and plan of action for doing so.

## A Review and Prospectus

by Earl Kribben, director of the project

The Fort Dearborn project is sponsored by seven well-known businessmen who feel that by collective action they may be able to produce a plan – so sound economically and so attractive in other respects – as to simultaneously stimulate governmental action on all levels and the equally important and necessary cooperation of private investors. To this end they are prepared to devote their time and money in the promotional stages, and will feel amply rewarded with the improvement of our city that will result in direct ratio to the accomplishment of the plan.

They are by no means a naive group. They realize that these objectives can be accomplished only by the wholehearted cooperation of officials of the various governments and agencies concerned, and provided we have a continuing favorable economic background. They recognize that success requires enlistment of the unselfish support of all elements of the community that want a finer Chicago to be built during our lifetime.

In sequence of events, the original plan was conceived by Arthur Rubloff, a leading promoter of Near North Side real estate, submitted to Mayor Kennelly in March, 1954 and referred by him to the Chicago Land Clearance commission, the Chicago Plan commission and the Office of the Housing and Redevelopment Coordinator for study and comment. (Its sponsors were Mark A. Brown, then president of Harris Trust & Savings bank; Willis Gale, chairman of Commonwealth Edison; Arthur T. Leonard, president of the City National Bank and Trust company; Hughston M. McBain, chairman of Marshall Field and company; Holman D. Pettibone, chairman of Chicago Title and Trust company; Gilbert H. Scribner, partner in the real estate firm of Winston and company, and Lawrence F. Stern, chairman of the American National Bank and Trust company).

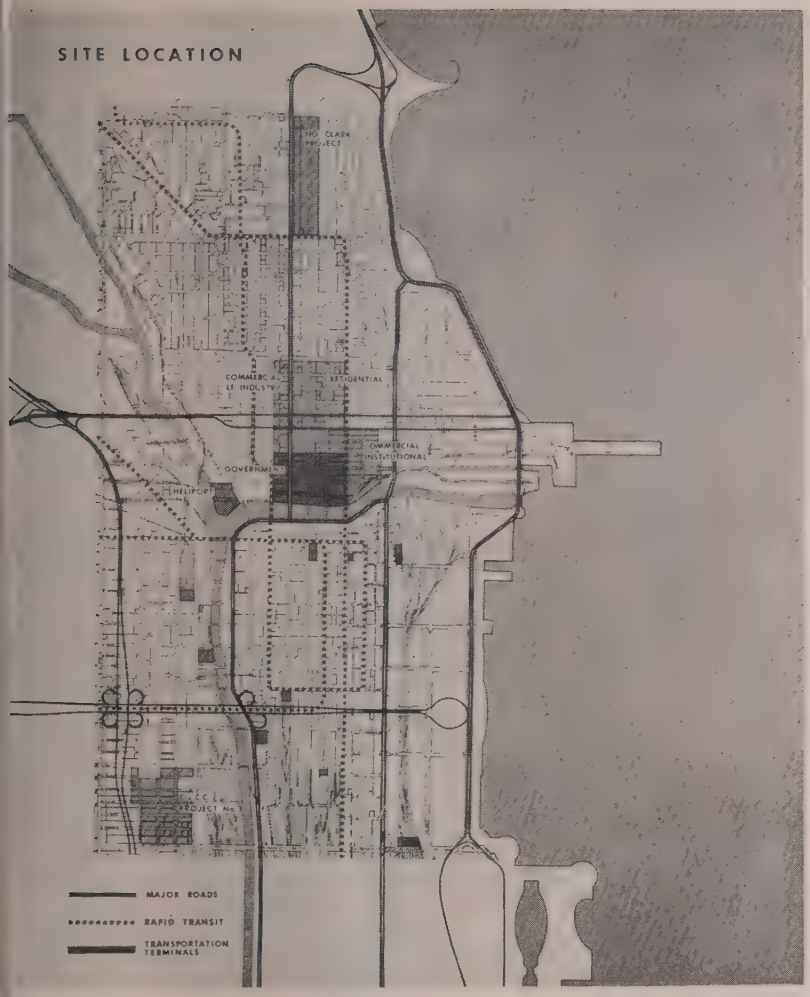
The agencies to which the project was referred reported favorably on the timeliness and character of the concept and stated that in their judgment it could be accomplished over a reasonable period of time, within the framework of Chicago's present redevelopment program. About a year ago I was appointed director of the project by the sponsors and asked to devote as much time as possible to carrying it forward. This has been a most stimulating assignment.

Certain recommendations for changes in boundaries and other aspects were made by the above agencies, which changes were readily accepted as a basis for the revision of the plan. Two important questions had to be answered before the replanning could actively proceed. One related to the character of the traffic flow in the area, and the other to governmental space needs projected to 1975. The first of these questions was answered when a comprehensive origin and destination survey was made in November, 1954 with the aid of 125 members of the Junior Association of Commerce, traffic police and traffic consultants. The second question was answered as a result of the work of a committee appointed by Mayor Kennelly, consisting of George L. DeMent, commissioner of public works; Paul Gerhardt, city architect, and Frederick T. Aschman, director of the Chicago Plan commission.

The replanning then went ahead, with emphasis on the economic justification underlying the land uses recommended and the types of structures suggested for each. This replanning was finally completed and presented to the public in early July, 1955. The result is a plan of equal scope and exciting qualities, but resting on a sound economic base. The revised plan, in contrast to most large redevelopment plans, calls for six kinds of land use: 1) for government buildings, 2) a close-in heliport, 3) commercial-institutional, 4) residential, 5) commercial-light industrial and 6) ample parking for all of the above. It plans to more than triple the present tax revenues and more than double the number of residential units, while still introducing a low land-coverage pattern more suggestive of suburban areas.

At about the same date the sponsors were gratified at the enactment of the Public Building Commission act, which had been prepared by their counsel and submitted to the legislature in April, with the endorsement both of Governor Stratton and Mayor Daley. This statute provides a practical means whereby the Fort Dearborn plaza or government center area may be financed on a self-liquidating basis over a period of years, and without an important increase in the local property tax rate. The main bill and the several companion measures embodied an approach which has been successfully utilized over a period of years in other states, but which has never before been used in Illinois. Its importance in helping to make the Fort Dearborn plaza portion of the project a reality can hardly be overemphasized.

The sponsors conceive that their function is now to stimulate private and public redevelopers to carry out the plan. This will require a great deal of work and persuasiveness in addition to the close cooperation of public officials and a favorable economic background. To this end they expect shortly to establish, furnish and staff an office, at their own expense as a public service. The scope and complexity of the problems with which they have to deal are very great indeed, but they are sanguine that this project can be accomplished by proper organization and determination, provided Chicago wants the job done.

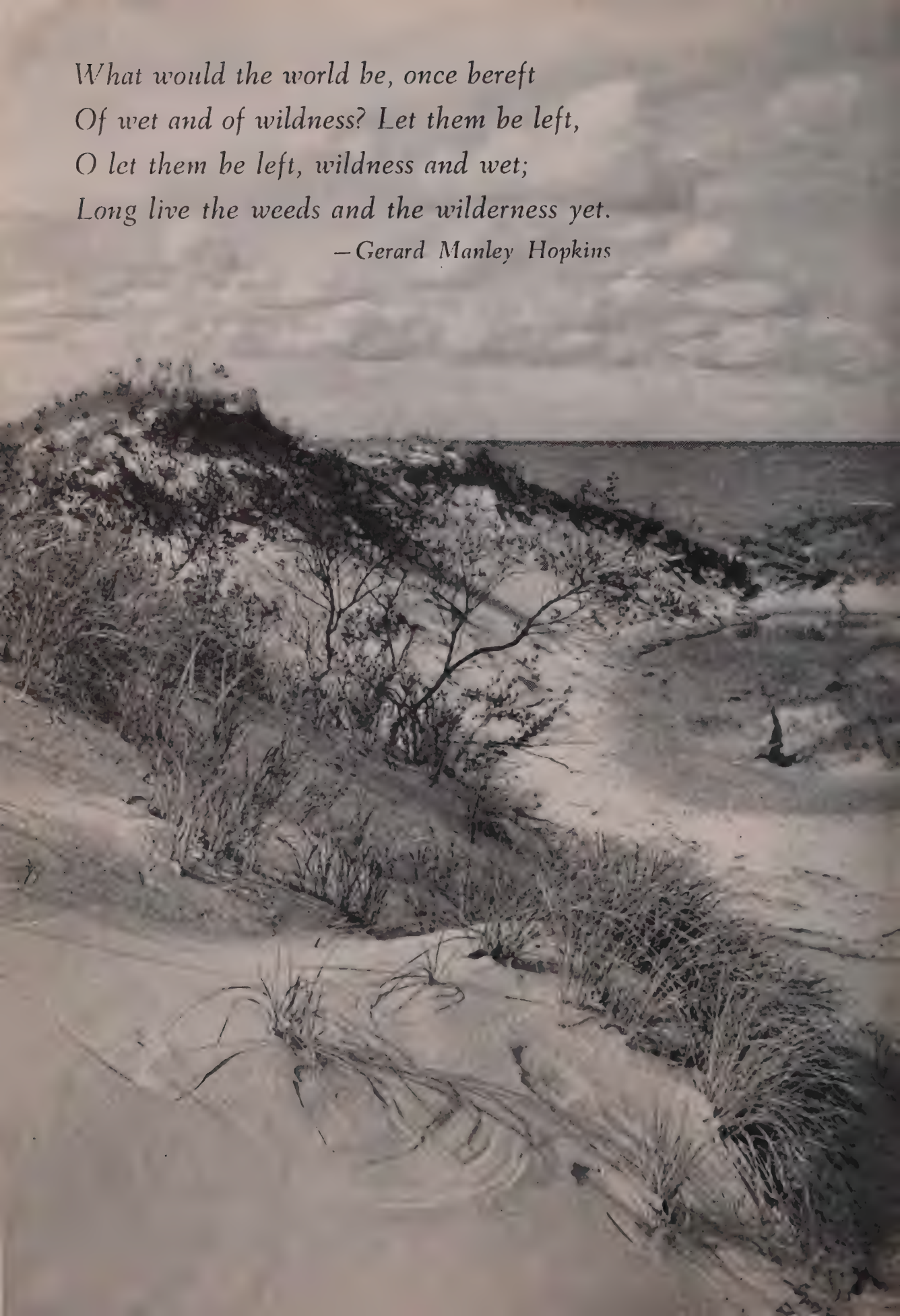



The project in relation to the Loop and transportation facilities. It is bisected east and west by the Ohio-Ontario one-way street pair, which will be the main connection between the outer drive and the Northwest expressway, which is now in the preliminary stages of construction.

How the project will look from the north is shown by sketches superimposed on a photograph. Housing area in the foreground will include twelve 31-story, four 16-story, nine 15-story and two 11-story buildings, with a total of 4,592 moderate rental dwelling units.

*What would the world be, once bereft*
*Of wet and of wildness? Let them be left,*
*O let them be left, wildness and wet;*
*Long live the weeds and the wilderness yet.*

*—Gerard Manley Hopkins*



# THE DUNES IN DANGER

## *A political-industrial scheme threatens a major natural recreation area*

**by Georg Mann**

People think of geography as a slow and staid science, but the geography of the lower end of Lake Michigan is a quick-change artist.

The Chicago area has been settled for only 150 years. But of the landscape, as it was in the ages before, nothing — from the south tip of the lake to the Wisconsin border, and from the shoreline west — remains. Except the dunes.

The primeval grasslands were plowed under in a generation. By the time they had disappeared, the giant forests of white pine, oak and hickory had been logged out, too. The last wolf hunt had hardly taken place in what is now the Near West Side, before the rivers were rechanneled, the swamps filled in and the lake provided with an artificial shore.

In the orgy of re-doing nature, a section of the original duneland has survived amazingly intact. Hardly another of our cities has so unique and wild a garden within quick reach — and it is unlikely that Chicago will for long.

Civilizations are built largely on the ruins of wild country, and usually the gain is thought to be worth the cost. But in the case of the Indiana dunes, a plan has been put forward for industrial and harbor developments of which it can be said:

- It seems certain to be profitable to various private interests.
- It seems uneconomical as a solution to the need for new port and industrial facilities — these should be developed farther north, where the St. Lawrence seaway will funnel trade into the Cal-Sag system.
- It is certain to destroy the dunes.

ANYONE WHO WANTS to be quite sure they are worth saving can take U.S. 12 — the Dunes highway — east of Gary. Before this route leaves the city limits, it is in the dunes country. The rounded hills are rolling to the left, toward the lake. On the right, flattened ground, sometimes low and swampy, marks where other dunes once existed before their sand was mined. Beyond County Line road, which marks the city limits of Gary and is the border between Lake and Porter counties, the dunes grow larger except for a huge gash where the steam shovel and the bulldozers are tearing down the structures that nature spent thousands of years creating.

For an area so close to metropolitan centers, the country is surprisingly wild. Occasionally, the corpse of a raccoon or an opossum that tried to buck the traffic can be seen on the highway. The indomitable wild flowers of September in the dunes — the thistly mauve spire of the blazing star, the yellow patches marking wild sunflowers, the pale purples of the wild aster, the tawny yellow of the goldenrod — carpet roadside areas. The sumacs at this time of year are already scarlet, the sassafras is yellowing, the sturdier oaks are biding their time to turn blazing reds, yellows and browns.

Nine miles east of the heart of Gary, the highway crosses a narrow, steel-trussed bridge. Thirty feet below lies the shallow channel of Burns ditch, built a generation ago to drain swamps that are now fertile farmland. The ditch is lined with the docks housing 200 boats. Off its mouth, the fishing is superb when the perch are biting.

From the wide roadside shoulder, looking lakeward and eastward, one can imagine that, instead of the placid yet perpetually varying panorama of the dunes, there rise the smokestacks of a steel finishing mill, a vast harbor with anchorage hopefully planned for ocean ships from every port in the world, and 4,000 acres, ripped from the heart of the dunes, given over to heavy industry.

Fantastic? Not at all. Governor George Craig of Indiana wants it this

Shifting under the wind, dunes drown vegetation in sand, giving landscape an arid look.

way. So do leaders of all the major groups into which the Indiana Republican party is divided. The Eisenhower administration is reportedly willing to provide the federal share of the funds for the port, at the request of Congressman Charles Halleck, who represents the second Indiana district, which includes the heart of the dunelands.

The port's threat to the dunes is as real as their remaining beauty, their recreational value that has made the dunes the playgrounds for millions in northern Indiana and greater Chicago.

The sandy mounds of the Indiana dunes begin in Gary, stretch eastward for 25 miles to Michigan City and beyond. Ranging inward from the lake for roughly a mile and a half, they form one or more great ridges paralleling the lake shore. The northernmost of the old shorelines of Lake Michigan, a ridge running thru Highland, Indiana, south of Gary, walls off their further inland advance. For thousands of years, Lake Michigan has been piling the fine dune sand at its southern end — just as it is now savagely carving at the bluffs on its eastern shore. The ridges of the dunes, sometimes reaching almost 200 feet above the water, are broken by wind-made gullies and valleys called "blow-outs." Some of the dunes are not fixed, but move slowly, inched on by the wind, engulfing trees and other vegetation in their paths. As the dunes move, the naked trunks of the sand-drowned forests — locally called "graveyards" — are revealed in their wake.

Two generations ago, Henry C. Cowles, professor of botany at the University of Chicago and America's pioneer ecologist, wrote of the plant life in the dunes: "There are few places on our continent where so many species of plants are found in so small a compass. Within a stone's throw of almost any spot, one may find plants of the desert and plants of the rich woodlands, plants of the pine woods and plants of the swamps, plants of the oak woods and plants of the prairies." The dunes form a meeting place for plants from all sections of the United States. The jack pine and lichen of the far north find their southern limit in the dunes. The dogwood, tulip tree, sassafras and paw paw of the south venture to their farthest northern range. The prickly cactus with its beautiful yellow flowers (rimmed with fragile spines as sharp as fiber glass) and the yucca, with its four-foot high spire of flowers, have come to the dunes from the deserts of the southwest. The American sea rocket, with its cruciform flowers and succulent leaves, grows in the sand of the foredunes to mark its most western invasion from the Atlantic coast.

The dunes are a birdwatcher's paradise. Three hundred different kinds of birds pass thru the dunes; about 100 nest there. The bald eagle has been seen wheeling above the dunes, along with a variety of hawks. Egrets, herons, bitterns are found in the swamps. Ruffed grouse secrete themselves in the forests. Swimmers on the beaches are surrounded by pert sandpipers. Hordes of bank swallows swoop out of their nests in the walls of sand that rim Burns ditch, while kingfishers hopefully work the shallower waters.

The dunes have a complete spectrum of animal life, in addition to their birds. Lizards are common enough to be gardeners' pets, while substantial rumors exist that some of the swamps house rattlesnakes. Red fox and coyotes have been seen in the wilder areas, in addition to the foolhardy opossums and raccoons that venture on the highways. A driver in the quieter roads is sometimes startled to see a deer cross his path.

THE WISDOM of the real estate interests that planned two of the communities, Ogden Dunes and Dune Acres, with a minimum of violence to the natural features of the area, has helped preserve the dunes. Even more important was the foresight of a group of Indiana women under the leadership of Mrs. Frank J. Sheehan of Gary, who campaigned for ten years to establish the present Dunes state park. Beginning in 1916, they enlisted support on a nationwide basis, including such noted Chicagoans as sculptor Lorado Taft and pioneer landscape architect Jens Jensen. Not until the mid-twenties did the park finally begin operation. For one million dollars the state acquired some 2,000 acres of land including three miles of lakefront, one of the biggest recreational bargains in history. The park, in addition to a beach, contains twelve miles of hiking trails, picnic and camping grounds and ten miles of automobile drives. Yet even now there are complaints that wastes from the steel mills 18 miles away are polluting areas on the park beaches. Altho the state park has been a bastion protecting the

Port opponents want state to buy duneland and expand park facilities, now often jammed on summer week ends.

dunes, much of its present value would be lost if a port and a major industrial district were located within a few miles.

The present harbor proposals are part of the warp and woof of Indiana politics, a game played for keeps by tough, ingenious men possessing the aggressive shrewdness of catamounts. There are at least two Republican parties in the state. One, headed by Craig, has the blessing of Eisenhower. The other is headed by Senator William Jenner, the last-ditch friend of McCarthy. In between are a number of well-established feudal princes, shifting alliances with the major groups and with each other at the drop of a clerkship in a county courthouse. One such independent suzerain is Congressman Halleck, who last year tipped the state Republican committee to Craig, and who serves as majority leader in the House when the Republicans are in power. Another is Lieutenant Governor Harold W. Handley, nominally a Jenner man and a bitter opponent of Craig. A third is State Senator John Van Ness, Republican leader of the upper house of the legislature, and a resident of Valparaiso, county seat of Porter county.

All four have repeatedly committed themselves to the building of a harbor and the industrialization of the dunes, and periodically emit encouraging noises to the press about the progress of the project. But the project has been tied in with other state plans for expansion, such as new toll roads, and either faction is willing to let the other fasten on to the patronage such projects bring. One major Republican foe of the harbor is Congressman Shepherd Crumpacker, from the third Indiana district which includes Michigan City. The latter city has a port with declining traffic for which it seeks federal grants for improvements. This, transportation experts say, has considerably more justification than the vastly more expensive Burns ditch project. The Democrats, at the moment out of office in the state, have been traditionally less unanimous in support of the harbor, altho ex-Governor Henry Schricker, whose famed white fedora is again moving briskly along the Indiana fish-fry circuit, has supported it in the past. Democratic Congressman Ray Madden from Gary's first Congressional district, is throwing major weight behind the Cal-Sag project, and Democrats in the legislature helped scuttle the harbor appropriation bill at the last session.

The current timetable for the destruction of the dunes began with a series of three articles carried on the state United Press wire last September, which enthusiastically described the economic future of the area. The articles were obviously inspired by the Indiana Board of Public Harbors and Terminals, whose main function, by law, is to establish a port on Lake Michigan. Somewhat rosily redolent of the opium pipe, the articles described a project "of such magnitude its potentialities can be measured only in inconceivable figures: billions of dollars, millions of tons of freight, fleets of trucks, thousands of railroad cars and mile on mile of automobiles." There was even mention of the harbor as a terminal for a canal for ocean shipping cut across the state of Michigan.

In November, the site of the port suddenly shifted from Burns ditch itself — where it had been since the earliest proposals — to half a mile further east, with the proposed harbor to be excavated inland and extended an additional mile and a half east toward the town of Dune Acres. The land immediately around Burns ditch has been owned by Midwest Steel company, a subsidiary of National Steel, for several years. The new site of the harbor lay within extensive acreage owned by Consumers company. Later it appeared that, a week before the UP articles advocating the harbor, a new corporation, Consumers Dunes corporation, had been set up in Indiana instead of the original Consumers company, and Consumers company had transferred 1,200 acres of Lake Michigan frontage to the new company. The major purchase of land for the harbor would presumably be made from this new corporation. No reasons were given for the shift in site, in spite of the fact that the original site possessed some small beginnings of a harbor in the Burns ditch channel, altho vast widening and deepening were needed.

WHEN THE INDIANA legislature met at the first of the year, State Senator Van Ness introduced a bill to purchase 1,500 acres of land for the new harbor at a cost of $3,500,000. This price works out to about $2,300 an acre for land in a area where choice residential land had recently been selling for $800 an acre, nearby lake-

front property at $350 an acre, and land in the swamps was being knocked down for tax sale prices of $30 an acre. The original bill was whittled down to $1,500,000 for land purchase and options, and finally killed by the House Ways and Means commitee because, as one legislator put it, of "rumors of land speculation" in the area. Last minute attempts to make the harbor part of Craig's over-all legislative package (including a north-south toll road) failed.

In the meantime, surveys of the feasibility of the harbor were undertaken again by the Army Engineers and by a separate St. Louis firm hired by the state. No final returns are in, but both the engineers and other surveyors have been enthusiastically leaking reports that the harbor is a wonderful idea. Skeptical dunes residents have pointed out that asking the engineers to condemn such a project is a good deal like asking a bulldog to guard a T-bone steak.

In June, the first national notice was given the harbor when Crumpacker moved to knock out a federal appropriation of $11,000 for future surveying by the engineers. Crumpacker — a member of an old and respected Indiana Republican family — said there is "no reason in the world to build a harbor except that a lot of people own real estate there and would like to develop it and make money at the expense of the taxpayers." Halleck quickly rose to the occasion, retorting, "I think this is the first time I have ever appeared on the floor of the house in my 20 years to speak specifically of a matter involving my own Congressional district." While eyebrows thumped against hairlines all over the second district at this remark, he added, "The state of Indiana is back of the project and there are no real differences in the state of Indiana," implying that Crumpacker was the isolated opposition.

The $11,000 was restored to the appropriations. But back home, members of the Izaak Walton League, the Garden Clubs of Indiana and the Indiana Federation of Clubs (the state's women's clubs), must have wondered how hard of hearing it is possible to be and still remain a congressman. All these groups are on record for preserving the dunes and against the harbor. They were enlisted by the Save the Dunes council, founded in 1952 with some 500 individual and several thousand group members. The organization has concentrated on rallying other organizations against the harbor and on promoting the idea of an enlarged state or national park.

In January of this year, for example, the Save the Dunes council called a meeting in Gary, attended by some 75 leading citizens of every Indiana town fronting on Lake Michigan. The meeting passed a resolution unanimously condemning the harbor. Present were members of Chambers of Commerce, town boards and town planning commissions. The town boards of Ogden Dunes and Dune Acres, the communities closest to the proposed harbor, had previously passed resolutions indicating their opposition. At the Gary meeting were residents of Gary, Hammond, East Chicago, Ogden Dunes, Dune Acres and Michigan City, as well as Chesterton, Hobart and Furnessville.

Even more positively, the council, aiming toward an eventual new park, has already acquired historic Cowles tamarack bog, one of the unique "quaking" bogs of northern Indiana, which is one of the last refuges of the rare lady slipper orchid. First discovered by Professor Cowles in the 1890s, its 56 acres are still a center of exploration for botanists.

The big port selling point has been the claim that "Indiana needs its own public harbor." That appeal is made without regard to the over-all planning of lake transportation at Lake Michigan's south end, notably the Cal-Sag project which is advancing toward completion. Cal-Sag also possesses unique connection with the internal waterways system of the Midwest, which stretches up both the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. Any harbor at Burns ditch would be immediately subjected to competition from the larger, expanding installation at Chicago, with its better railroad and highway connections, as well as inland waterway facilities.

NOBODY KNOWS how much a port and harbor at Burns ditch would cost. Its proponents have set tentative figures anywhere from $35 million to twice that sum. Part of this cost would be borne by the federal government, part by a separate port authority created by the state, which would issue revenue bonds on its income.

Objections to the harbor — beyond the fact that it and its associated in-

Away from the lake, sand gives way to marshland, haven for vast variety of wild plant, bird and animal life.

dustry would reduce the beauties and recreational opportunities of the dunes to a memory – center upon its isolation from transportation. Because cost estimates are so vague, no controversy on this issue is yet possible. The area of the proposed port is served by only one major railroad, the New York Central. A single track of the Indiana Harbor Belt Line meanders thru the dunes, serving a train or two a day that carries sand away. The South Shore is also adjacent, but its facilities for carrying the "millions of ons" of freight envisioned are by no means endless. Even the closest turnoffs on the northern Indiana toll road are five or more miles away. Inland waterway connections are completely lacking; experts scoff at the feasibility of moving barges over the open waters of Lake Michigan to the present Cal-Sag channels.

What would be shipped from the port? At the moment, there is no industry in the area. Harbor proponents stress the port as a major shipping place for Indiana coal. The Indiana coal industry has been steadily declining since the war, unable to meet competitive standards of fuel performance. The Canadian railroads, once major consumers, are turning to diesels. Midwest grain is more conveniently shipped from existing elevator facilities along the Cal-Sag.

One more argument of the harbor proponents is that in the dunes are some 4,000 acres available for industrial expansion in conjunction with a port. Recent surveys by proponents of the Cal-Sag waterway have shown the existence of equivalent acreage available in industrialized areas along the Cal-Sag and its proposed extensions in Gary and Hammond.

For years, as the port had been advocated, the question has been asked, "But who would immediately benefit?" The answer came last July, in a proposal of Governor Craig's for financing the harbor. Defeated by the legislature, he suggested that at least three corporations would advance the funds. One was National Steel, headed by Ernest Weir, whose name is anathema in strongly unionized Gary. A publicly financed harbor would give Weir shipping facilities that other steel companies in the area had been compelled to finance for themselves. Halleck has publicly acknowledged his 20-year friendship with Weir. The second source of corporate funds for the harbor were the Murchison interests. Clint Murchison is one of the Texas millionaires whose rise to national prominence is the best argument yet advanced for revising the income tax depletion allowances on oil wells. The third financial contributor Craig proposed is the New York Central railroad, whose new head is Robert Young. In Craig's proposal, Murchison benefits by selling Consumers Dunes land, Young benefits by controlling the only major railroad in the area, and Weir gets access to a harbor.

The details of the move are none too clear, altho Craig's plan is currently heading for a court review. From the outside it would seem that these three corporations loan the state money to build facilities for their immediate profit, and are paid interest on their money to boot.

Hoosier horse sense and Hoosier law may scuttle this raid on Indiana's natural heritage. If they don't, federal watchdogs – notably such a belligerent sniffer of the pork barrel as Illinois Senator Paul Douglas – may head off the federal funds essential for construction of the harbor. With the introduction of Young, Weir and Murchison, the dunes issue ceased to be local and became national.

Even if the plans of Craig, Halleck and Van Ness are stymied, the dunes are still not out of danger. Sand mining is relentless. Population pressures mount – Porter county is one of the two fastest growing counties in the greater Chicago region. This means new areas are needed for home building and expansion of recreation facilities.

Basically, there are only two alternatives that could save the dunes. One is acquiring the present unoccupied lake front areas for more parks. Both the federal and state governments are interested in the areas for parks but have no funds for land purchase. More park area is already needed. The existing state park is jammed with automobiles on hot summer week ends; Marquette park has been compelled to bar all additional visitors at noon, as it did during the last July Fourth week end. The other solution, possibly less desirable, is for well-planned residential and resort development in the remaining duneland.

Whatever the solution, support is growing for any effort to save the dunes. The area is more than a purely Hoosier heritage: it is a heritage for the entire Midwest. ▬

Port plans are seen also as threat to lake fishing, thru pollution by industrial waste.

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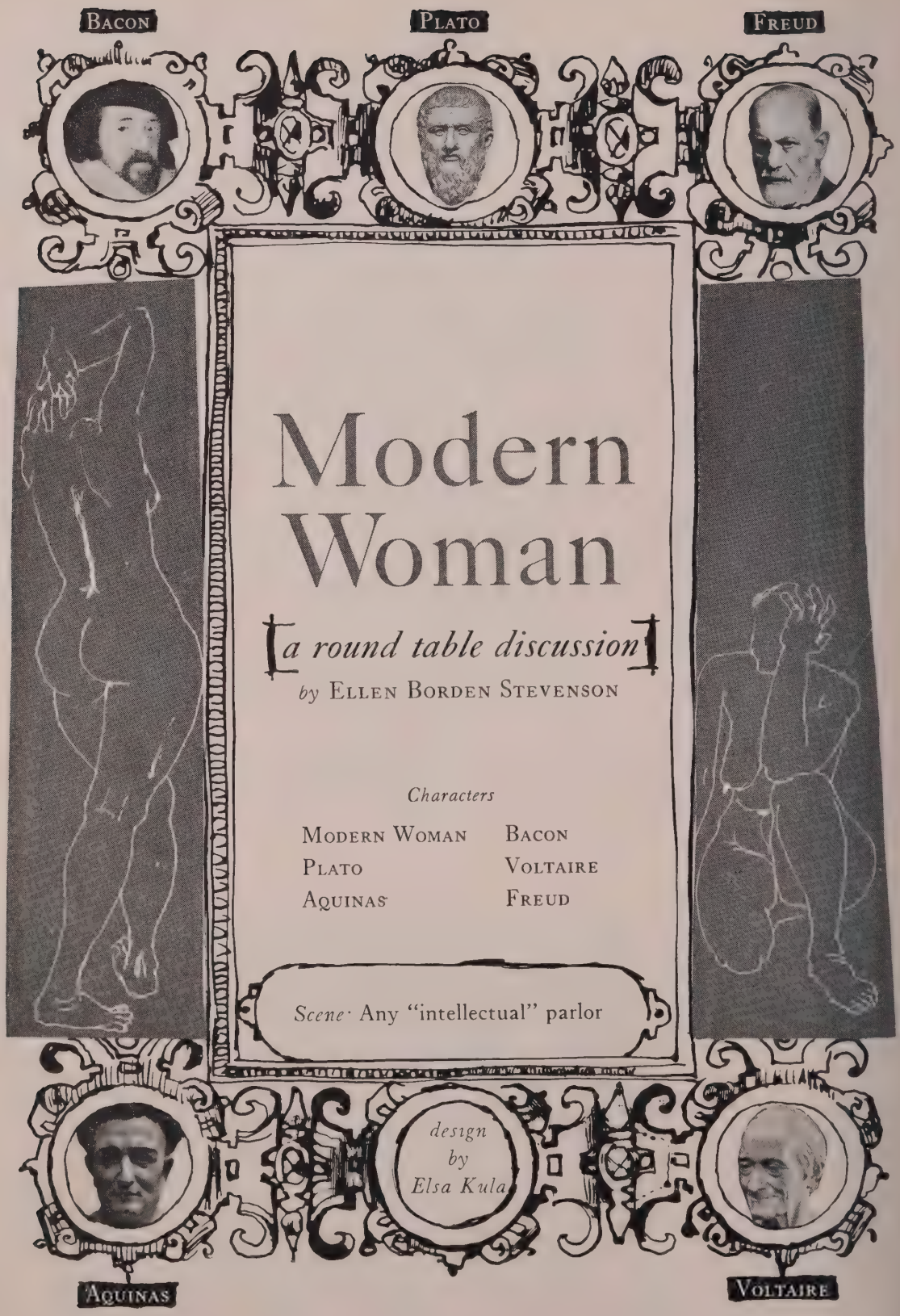



# Modern Woman

*a round table discussion*

*by* Ellen Borden Stevenson

*Characters*

Modern Woman
Plato
Aquinas
Bacon
Voltaire
Freud

*Scene:* Any "intellectual" parlor

*design by Elsa Kula*

TODAY, I HAVE THE HONOR OF introducing to you perhaps the most distinguished guests whom you have ever been privileged to meet. These gentlemen are the great thinkers of the ages who have come here to conduct a round table for the benefit of modern woman.

This first gentleman is the great Plato, who introduced the scientific spirit into the early Occidental world. A temperamental thinker, his philosophy is a supreme example of a system attempting to embrace in one organic whole divine as well as sensory and didactic truth. We are honored that he has consented to forsake the olive groves of Academe and come to us today.

*(Plato rises and bows slightly.)*

Next is St. Thomas Aquinas, whose teachings should be taken as the basis of theology. He was called Dr. Angelicus by his disciples, but his friends, failing to sense his greatness, called him a dumb ox. However, he gave such a bellow in learning that the whole world is still astonished. He spares a few moments for us today from the scholastic halls of thirteenth century Italy, France and England.

*(St. Thomas rises but does not bow.)*

And this is Sir Francis Bacon, the founder of experiential philosophy, who comes to us from sixteenth and seventeenth century England. He it is who rang the bell that called the wits together and announced that Europe had come of age.

*(Sir Francis rises and bows.)*

This is M. Francois Marie Arouet, who prefers to be called Voltaire. Ninon de l'Enclos left him two thousand francs in her will with which to buy books and thus helped to start him on his literary career. He has dropped in on us from his mansion on the shores of Lake Geneva. This great eighteenth century wit and skeptic emancipated history from theology and gave it to philosophy and science.

Monsieur, my notes tell me that you are the father of enlightenment and of all anti-heroic civilization.

*(Voltaire rises with vehemence. "Mais oui, certainement.")*

And here is the Herr Doctor Sigmund Freud, the father of psychoanalysis. His discovery of the great role played by the unconscious, the id, in the soul life of man, challenged and changed classical psychology to which the consciousness and psyche were one.

Is it true, Doctor, that you once remarked, "The ego is to the id as Europe is to Asia?"

*(Freud rises and nods his head in assent.)*

And last and very much least, may I present to you our guest of honor, Modern Woman, in pity for whom all these great spirits are gathered here today. She lives in the Age of Incertitude, exposed to the infinite chaos of facts. Our professional sophists have destroyed the landmarks between knowledge and error and left her in a void. But we will turn her over to the philosophers and let her speak for herself.

*(Note: Chorus and music are omitted.)*

MODERN WOMAN
They say I'm distracted and lost.
I think I'm impacted and bossed.
When I was a kid,
They ruined my id;
So now I raise Cain when I'm crossed.
I emote with a speed supersonic.
My dissatisfaction is chronic.
I envy the peace
Of the Ancients of Greece;
O Plato, please make me platonic!

PLATO *(to Modern Woman)*
perceive that you are a moving image
of useless scrimmage.
You must learn to spurn the external
and face the eternal;
You must learn that nothing factual
is ever actual.
You must learn to be satirical
about the empirical.
You must learn that only the ideal
is ever real;
When she devaluates her senses,
a woman condenses.

BACON
A vixen unsexed
Is all the more vexed!

FREUD *(to Plato)*
Plato, my name is Freud. I'd like the
privilege of sending you
My revolutionary work entitled
"Totem and Taboo"
And if, Sir, you wish to understand
this woman in totality,
I recommend my "Anatomy of the
Mental Personality."
My analytic conceptions, my
therapeutic treason,

Assert the primacy of the instinct
over mind and reason.
My metaphysics, in alliance with
natural science, will seize
This unhappy female and save her
from your Grecian Frieze.

PLATO *(to Freud)*
Philosophy keeps women cool
And almost makes them safe to touch.
Psychiatry, it seems to me,
Is apt to thaw them out too much!

BACON
Greek wisdom has the property of boys,
Fruitful only of argument and noise.
O Modern Woman, beware the barren bait;
It walks and talks but cannot generate.

VOLTAIRE
When a man is unable to govern
His wife, his mother, his nurse,
He takes a particular pleasure
In running the Universe!

MODERN WOMAN *(plaintively)*
All I can do is doubt;
I'm getting much too thin;
My ego's too far out;
My id is too far in!

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS
I say that in woman or rabbit
The essence of virtue is habit!

VOLTAIRE *(to Aquinas)*
Doctor, most of us are condemned
By your schoolmen's infected choice
To endure the torments of hell,
While the blessed watch and rejoice.
You damn the unbaptized infant;
He bellows forever in hell,
And heretics, like me, are burned
To the tune of a church bell.
Your syllogisms are based on a void;
Your dialectics are absurdly *passé* —
Doctor, we have outgrown your text-slinging.
Your dogma has had its day!

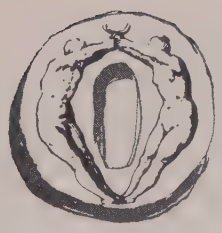
FREUD *(to Aquinas)*
I'm the man woman fails to nonplus;
I know what's the matter with *us.*
But spare me Aquinas.
He's minor, he's minus
Of all that *I* like to discuss!

AQUINAS *(to Freud)*
Unhappy Freud, I must point out
the tragic flaw in all you do.
You take away our devils but
you take our angels too.

BACON *(to Freud)*
In the country of the blind, it's an easy thing
For a one-eyed man to call himself king.

MODERN WOMAN *(to St. Thomas Aquinas)*
My reason is out of range;
My instinct gropes for change.
Nobody feeds
My basic needs.

Doctor, I feel so strange!
My libido is hard to restrain;
My psyche gives me a pain.
I want an ideal
With sex appeal,
I want some *brawn* with a brain!



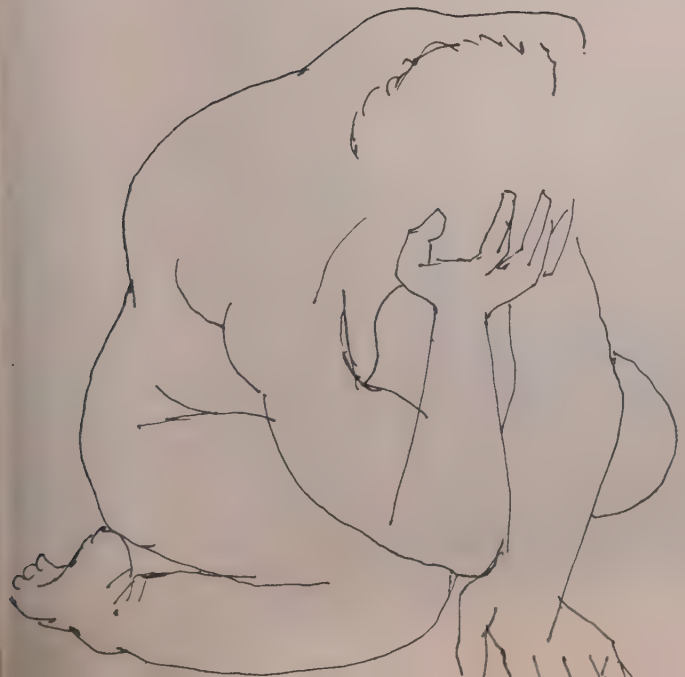
PLATO *(to Modern Woman)*
Modern Woman, misbegotten male,
Only the absolute can never fail.
Your Age has disinfected the sublime;
You are distracted since you live in time.
Order your soul and come along with me;
Become familiar with Eternity.

VOLTAIRE *(to Plato)*
When I have tried
To become familiar with Eternity,
It has, unfortunately, seemed to be
On the dull side!

ST. THOMAS *(to Plato)*
Plato, to me you are suspect,
The victim of your intellect.
I demonstrate in my Critique
That your ideas have no physique.
With immaterialistic chatter
You study physics without matter;
Colonize reality with abstraction
And substitute a myth for action.
How can you fail to be aware
That your Platonic form is bare?

BACON *(to Aquinas)*
The axioms *you* state, sir,
Are hardly to my notion.
Knowledge must conquer nature.
Brain must outwit emotion.
I scorn the Middle Ages;
My Gods are Science and Reason.
I'm tired of classic sages,
Hunting out of season!

FREUD
Though everyone wants everyone to
be reasonable;
To be *sane* is rapidly becoming
treasonable!



MODERN WOMAN *(plaintively)*
I fear you have only increased my psychosis
By missing the seat of my neurosis –
You have fallen flat on your diagnoses!

VOLTAIRE
Philosophers:
Not having the power to tyrannize
Over this woman's body, you fear it,
And with your vain systems aspire
To become the tyrants of her spirit.
Truth has not the name of a philosophy.
What difference does it make to the facts
Whether this woman is devoured by a
lion – or a hundred rats?
Oh my comrades in littleness and dismay,
Oh my fellow atoms of a day –
Born like me to suffer everything –
Let us find enough philosophy to sing.

*Finale.*

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# BILLY SUNDAY vs. SATAN

## by William C. McLoughlin jr.

Billy Sunday was his real name. He was born on November 19, 1862. His father, William Sunday, was the son of German immigrants whose name had been Sonntag in the old country. His father, a private in the Union army, died on December 23, 1862, without ever having seen the son who was to make his name a household word in America.

Sunday's heritage as a country boy, which in his early years as a preacher he tried to overcome, later was flaunted as a prime attribute. He came to see himself as a young Lochinvar from the West and proudly boasted of his association with the common people. "I am a rube of the rubes," he told his audiences. "I am a graduate of the University of Poverty. I have blacked my boots with stove-blacking, greased my hair with goose grease. I never knew what an undergarment or a nightdress was until I was 18 years old. I have dried my face and wiped my proboscis on a flour sack towel. I have helped grub stumps that stood in the way of the plowshare of advancing civilization."

In 1874 Willie Sunday and his brother Edward were sent to the Soldiers' Orphan Home at Glenwood, (later at Davenport) Iowa.

Life at the orphan home was rigorously disciplined but not entirely unpleasant. The worst punishment was that for running away. Any boy caught doing this was made to walk around a cinder track in front of the administration building eight hours a day for a week, with time off only for meals; during that time no one was allowed to speak to him.

The age limit for orphans was 16 and when his brother Ed had to leave in 1876, Willie insisted on going with him. They returned to their grandfather's farm at Ames and, together with their half-brother Roy, helped the old man to operate his many enterprises, but not for long. Willie was a

*"If I am not God's mouthpiece, come up and show me!" shouted the ex-White Stockings player to tabernacle crowds of 1906-1923. From "Billy Sunday Was His Real Name," to be published next month by the University of Chicago Press.*

quick-tempered as his grandfather, and one day, when the old man cursed him for some minor mishap, the 14-year-old borrowed a horse from a friend and rode eight miles away to the town of Nevada, Iowa. Here he got a job as a hotel errand boy and never again went home to live.

Sunday's first fame came as a runner in local Fourth of July races, and earned him a job with the fire brigade of Marshalltown, Iowa. Helping the fire brigade was not full-time; so Sunday took a position as an undertaker's assistant and worked in a furniture store in Marshalltown at $3 a week. This left him sufficient time to play baseball on the Marshalltown team. His team won the state championship in 1883, and Sunday's playing brought him to the attention of A. C. (Pop) Anson, the manager of the Chicago White Stockings. Anson persuaded Sunday, without too much difficulty, to exchange his undertaking career for one as a professional baseball player at $60 a month. Sunday arrived in Chicago wearing a six-dollar sage-green suit, with one dollar in his pocket.

Sunday's baseball career lasted eight years, from 1883 to 1891. During that time he made two baseball records which stood for many years. He rounded the bases from a standing start in 14 seconds, and he stole 96 bases in one season of 116 games. The latter record was not beaten until 1916 when Ty Cobb stole 98 bases in 150 games. Sunday once batted .350 for a season, but his lifetime average was only .257, and according to Anson he was generally a poor batter — he struck out his first 13 times at bat.

The White Stockings had their headquarters in Chicago, and it was here that Sunday met Helen A. Thomson. Born in 1868, she was the daughter of a Chicago dairyman and ice cream manufacturer. The family were staunch Scotch Presbyterians, and Helen (Nell) was converted to salvation at the age of 14. Sunday met her in 1885. Her younger brother, William Thomson jr., was the mascot and bat boy for the Chicago team.

Sunday's conversion took place in 1886. "It was Sunday afternoon and we got tanked up and then went and sat down on a corner," he said, describing the event. Outside the saloon he and his teammates stopped to listen to an evangelistic group from the Pacific Garden mission, "singing the gospel hymns that I used to hear my mother sing back in the log cabin in Iowa." The leader of the evangelistic group invited the ballplayers to come to the mission "to hear the story of men who used to be dips, yeggs, burglars, second story workers, drunkards . . . and of women who used to sell their womanhood to whoever would buy."

"I went to the mission," said Sunday, "and liked what I heard. I went

back again and again," and, finally, thru the motherly persuasion of Mrs. Clark, wife of the founder of the mission, "one night I went forward and publicly accepted Christ as my savior." Shortly after this, he said, "I went over the West Side of Chicago where I was keeping company with a girl now my wife. She was a Presbyterian, so I am a Presbyterian. If she had been a Catholic, I would have been a Catholic – because I was hot on the trail of Nell."

Sunday began to take courses in Bible study at the Chicago YMCA. He was so zealous that the director urged him to work for them permanently. The desire to show others the way to righteousness became stronger. "I felt I was definitely called to enter Christian work." But he had just signed a three-year contract to play for the Philadelphia team. They were not willing to release him, and he was "greatly troubled" over the problem. "I made it a matter of most earnest prayer," he said, "and even went so far as to make a proposition saying, "Lord, if I don't get my release by March 25th, I will take that as assurance you want me to continue to play ball; if I get it before that date I will accept that as evidence you want me to quit playing ball and go into Christian work."

The release for which Sunday had asked was granted on March 17, but almost immediately another problem came up. The Cincinnati team, hearing of his release, offered him $500 a month to play for them for the seven-month season. His job at the YMCA would bring him only $83.33 a month. He asked his friends, Cyrus McCormick, president of the YMCA, and J. V. Farwell, a wealthy trustee of the association, what to do. But the matter was settled when his wife said to him, "There is nothing to consider; you promised God to quit."

JUST AS THE depression of the 1890s was at its worst, Sunday received an offer to assist the well-known evangelist J. Wilbur Chapman in conducting revival meetings thruout the country.

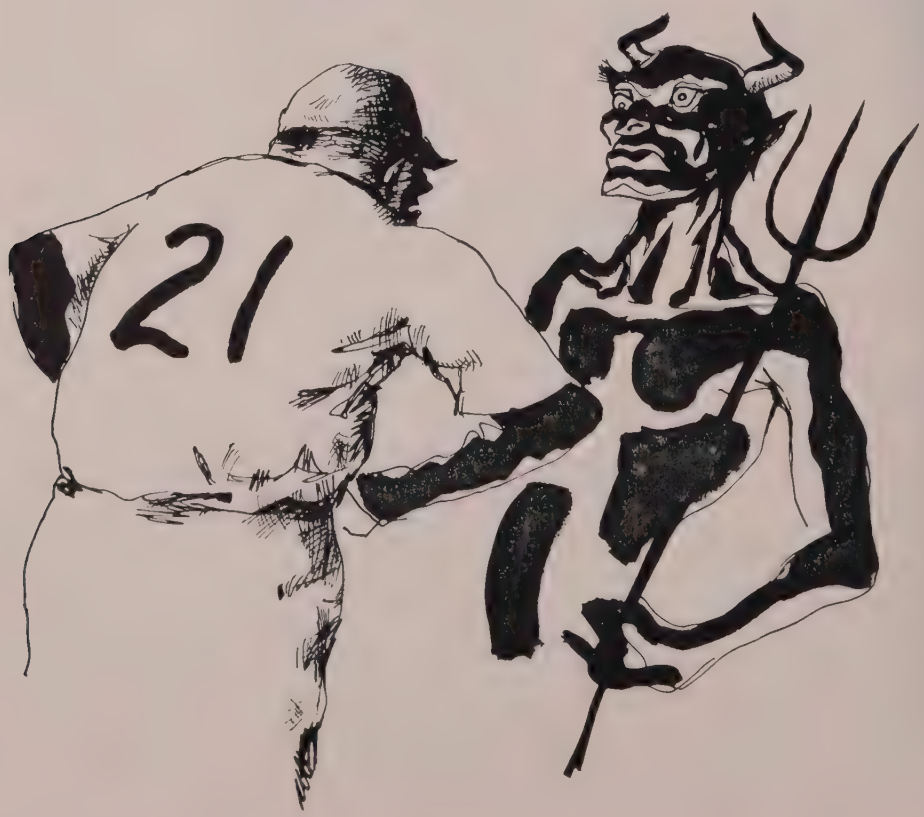
Then in late December of 1895, Chapman suddenly decided to give up revivalism. Sunday, now the father of two children, had little money saved and no other job in prospect. A few days later a letter arrived from some ministers in the town of Garner, Iowa, asking Sunday to conduct a revival campaign for them.

"The Garner papers," said the *Hancock Signal*, "announced that union evangelistic services, to be conducted by W. A. Sunday, will be held in the opera house in our neighboring tow commencing Friday evening of thi week. This must be 'Billy' Sunda who used to play ball for Anson wit the Chicago White Stockings. 'Billy' i as true a Christian gentleman as h was a rattling ball player, and that i saying a good deal."

A short notice on the third page o the local paper on January 15 reporte that "the union meetings which hav been conducted by W. A. Sunda closed today at 10:30 a.m. Thes meetings have been well-attended an much good has been accomplished We understand there has [*sic*] bee nearly 100 conversions during th meetings."

"I went to five towns, one after th other, before I went home," Sunda recalled, and never again in his lif was he without more calls for his ser vices than he could accept.

EFFICIENCY was Sunday's trademark The organization which he evolved t get the efficient results he so confi dently promised was ranked by on professor of economics among the to five most successful businesses in the country, along with the Standard Oi company, United States Steel and National Cash Register. The central factor in Sunday's organization was his staff of experts, whom he called



"Ma" Sunday, for love of whom Billy joined the Presbyterian church, was a close and hearty worker in his campaigns. Since Sunday's death in 1935, she has lived in retirement. Train farewell includes Billy jr.

the Sunday party." In the years 1900-918 the Sunday party grew from hree to 23 members.

Elaborate publicity and preparation xplained in large part the reason for he opening-day crowds, but the con-nued attendance was due to the ex-ertly directed mechanics of the Sun-ay system during the campaign. Sun-ay's personal genius as an orator and ctor was the central factor around hich all else was built, but his talent s an administrator, plus the com-ined talents of his staff, also con-ibuted heavily to make his revivals he spectacular climax to the pro-ession of evangelism. The friendly mmunity spirit generated by the spel singing at the tabernacle, the vial warmth promoted by the dele-ation system, and the whole atmos-here of excitement, gaiety and enter-inment made Sunday's tabernacle a ime attraction for city dwellers and t-of-town visitors.

All the organizing by the party, all e music, publicity, sermons and legations, were undertaken to build the tabernacle attendance, but a ge attendance was useless unless produced "trail-hitters." "Hitting e sawdust trail" was the expression walking down the aisle to profess nversion by shaking Sunday's hand. originated in the campaign in 1910 in Bellingham, Washington, where the sawdust floors and the wooden tabernacle touched a responsive chord in that lumber community.

In the 23 cities of over 100,000 population which he visited in 1906-1918 he averaged 567 trail-hitters each day – about 300 per sermon; in the 41 cities of under 100,000 he averaged 161 per day. Neither Dwight L. Moody nor Charles G. Finney approached these figures, and Sunday's contemporaries were hopelessly outdistanced.

THE GENIUS of Sunday's organization in producing trail-hitters was equaled only by its genius in extracting money. There were two financial phases in each campaign (in addition to raising the guarantee fund). The first was the raising of money by collections to pay off the expenses; the second was the free-will offering, with which the party was ostensibly not connected.

Sunday claimed that never, thruout his whole career, did he fail to raise the money to pay off the expenses and release or repay those who raised the guarantee fund.

Before Sunday's era the amount of remuneration given to an evangelist was always kept in strictest secrecy. Perhaps because the sums were not large, the newspapers never considered this aspect of revivalism worthy of mention. But with Sunday's advent the question of religion and money suddenly became news.

When his staff had been small and his campaigns short, Sunday had left the work of raising the free-will offering for himself to the local ministers. The audiences were informed during the last week of the campaign that a special effort to reward Sunday suitably for his labors would be made on the final day of the campaign. On that day, imitating Sunday's fund-raising technique and undoubtedly coached by him as to the process, several ministers acted as tellers on the platform, the ushers were given pledge cards or blank checks to pass out, and an "auction" began to see which individual or group would make the largest donation.

By 1917 the mechanics of obtaining a large free-will offering had been thoroly reorganized.

Probably the most influential attack on Sunday's offering system came from the Rev. Hamilton Schuyler, of Trinity church, Trenton, New Jersey. Writing in the *American Church Monthly* in March, 1917, he described Sunday's methods in Trenton as "polite blackmail."

One month after Schuyler's article Sunday announced on the opening

night of his New York campaign that he would give his entire free-will offering in that city to the Red Cross and the YMCA. Whether his offering would have been as large as $125,000 had he not done this seems doubtful.

Whether to quiet further criticism or to palliate the Chicago public for his frequent postponements of the campaign, Sunday gave his entire free-will offering in Chicago to the Pacific Garden mission. A list of some of the donors to this fund of $56,000 is significantly reminiscent of Moody's backers: $5,000: Mrs. Cyrus McCormick, Louis F. Swift, Mrs. G. F. Swift; $2,500: J. Ogden Armour, Victor Lawson, H. P. Crowell; $2,000: Illinois Steel company, by E. J. Buffington; $1,000: W. A. Peterson, S. B. Chapin, George W. Dixon, Thomas Smith, A. M. Johnson, Mel Troter, J. V. Farwell family, Byron McKinnon; $500: G. M. Webb, John Murveen, Robert Stewart, Charles E. Holt, Marvin Hughitt.

SUNDAY WAS a millionaire by 1920, when Dun and Bradstreet rated him as worth $1,500,000. Sunday's only comment was that it was nobody's business how much money he had or what he did with it. Like another contemporary millionaire, John D. Rockefeller sr., Sunday believed that the Lord gave him his money.

Despite, or perhaps because of, his intellectual limitations and inconsistencies, Sunday's sermons successfully expressed the views not only of the majority of the evangelical clergy who supported him but also of a large segment of the American people.

Sunday did not lead or form public opinion; he merely gave it voice. That the shy, uneducated and simple baseball player from the cornfields of Iowa should come to express in blatant and dogmatic terms the deeply felt troubles of a confused nation could be explained only to those who accepted his leadership as a direct manifestation of God's use of humble human agents to make known his will. Or, as Sunday explained it: "If I am not God's mouthpiece, come up and show me."

As God's mouthpiece, Sunday succeeded in reducing the systematic theology which Finney had taken 500 pages to elaborate into a single sentence of ten words: "With Christ you are saved; without him you are lost." He made no attempt to elaborate or develop a systematic theology of his own. "I don't know any more about theology than a jack rabbit knows about ping-pong, but I'm on my way to glory," he exclaimed proudly. The extreme simplicity of his theological beliefs was one of Sunday's greatest assets as a revivalist.

Sunday dismissed the evolutionary concept of the importance of environment upon human development with a simple, dogmatic denial: "I don't believe in the bastard theory that men came from protoplasm by the fortuitous concurrence of atoms." "When the word of God says one thing and scholarship says another, scholarship can go to hell!" With evolutionists and modernists thus conveniently ostracized from consideration by decent society, Sunday was free to apply the Mosaic laws to contemporary manners. Where he could not quote chapter and verse, he applied his own small-town morality.

The moral standard for men prohibited smoking, swearing, drinking, gambling, theatergoing, fornication and telling smutty stories. Sunday had to yield somewhat on the matter of smoking. "A man can use tobacco and be a Christian," he said, "but he will be a mighty dirty one. If you want to smoke, fill up an old briar but cut out the nasty, filthy cigarets." Billiard playing also caused him some difficulty when the YMCA began to install tables: "I love the YMCA, but I've never yet become reconciled to its adoption of billiard rooms." In his sermon "Chickens Come Home to Roost," given to men only, he warned that "no man can be a good husband, no man can be a good father, no man can be a respectable citizen, no man can be a gentleman and swear." But he devoted the main emphasis in his men-only sermons to attacks upon fornication. Eighty per cent of the men in the nation have, or have had, a venereal disease, he claimed. "It is not alone a moral question, but a question of preservation of the nation." His descriptions of the consequences of sin were so vivid that men frequently fainted and had to be carried out.

The young ladies of 1917 were warned that "the movies are too suggestive," that they must not "kiss or hold hands" and that only at "the cheapskate dance halls" would you "find young girls with the dresses [up] to their shoetops!" They should never use lipstick or rouge, but "of course, a woman must have her chamois skin with a little powder to keep her nose from getting red."

Sunday once said, "I'd stand on my head in a mud puddle if I thought it would help me win souls to Christ," and on this ground he excused his unorthodox pulpit technique, which outraged the conservative and endeared him to the multitude. What he lacked in originality of ideas he made up for with a fertility of expressive imagination and a talent for buffoonery which transcended the banality of his message.

Pounding on the floor of the platform or on his lectern was only a small part of the vigorous action with which Sunday emphasized his points. It was estimated that he walked a mile back and forth across the 30-foot platform in every sermon – 150 miles in every campaign. But it was not merely walking; it was running, sliding, jumping, falling, staggering, whirling and throwing himself around the platform. He did not remain in one spot or one position for 30 seconds. When he was pounding the lectern or the reinforced kitchen chair on which he sat before he began to speak, he was as often as not standing on one or the other, sometimes with one foot on the chair and one on the pulpit. Then, at the right moment for emphasis, he would leap and come thudding down on the platform. Frequently he picked up the chair and swung it around his head.

Sunday's movements were not always noisy or startling but usually were nimbly and gracefully executed. "A characteristic movement of extreme emphasis," said one observer, "involves the entire body and suggests a pitcher in the act of throwing the ball." At the conclusion of his sermon to men only he always parodied the famous comic poem "Slide, Kelly, Slide" and made a running dive across the full length of the platform on his stomach. Then he would jump to his feet to imitate "the Great Umpire of the Universe" and yell, "You're out, Kelly!" This scene climaxed his dramatic account of a former teammate named Kelly who had taken to booze and thus had failed to get home to heaven.

THE QUESTION of Sunday's slangy style was intricately involved with charges that he had plagiarized much of his material from other evangelists. Slang came naturally to Sunday, but not sermon-writing, and to those who took the trouble to unearth the sermons from which he borrowed, it was evident that, while he often altered the form, the substance of his work was the same. The defense against charges of plagiary rested upon the extent to which his dynamic delivery and his vivid phraseology made something new and original out of the material so obviously borrowed.

It is probably a conservative estimate that 75 per cent of the material in Sunday's sermons was borrowed, directly or indirectly, from other sources.

Such differences as there were between Sunday's various sermons were more of emphasis than of subject matter.

The sermons carried people by the hundreds out of their seats and down the aisles, tho exactly why they went few could say. They liked Sunday; they agreed with what he said; they were in favor of "decency"; they were aroused and wanted to do "something about" wickedness.

The trail-hitter did not know why the shouting of certain words like "mother," "home," "children," "America," "God," "Christ," "blood," "cutthroats" and "fight" made him grow tense and fearful. He only knew that, when the sermon ended, he felt an uncontrollable urge to follow Sunday's commands, to get up and go forward to find "peace," "hope," "assurance," "love" and a warm handshake of comradeship in the battle of life; he felt that by going forward he would come close to a man who wanted to help him, a strong, confident, successful man, who would lead him to comfort, security, respect and friendship. This strong voice said, "Who will join me? Who will join me and say, 'Here is my hand, and I'm with you in this proposition to live for Jesus Christ.' Come on, if you will. Every man and woman in the building! Everybody rise! Come on! Come on! How many of you will?"

Many ministers and laymen asked themselves this same question before supporting a Billy Sunday revival: "How many will come?" As far as the numerical total of trail-hitters was concerned, Sunday's backers were never disappointed. They might thoroly disagree with Sunday's methods of getting them to come, but they were more interested in getting them than in how they were gotten. For the Protestant churches in the big cities faced a serious crisis both in finances and in membership at the turn of the century. If Sunday could pull them out of it, they would hold their peace about his vulgarity, his acrobatics and even about his blasphemy. ▬

Picture credits: page 38, International News Photos; p. 39, United Press; p. 41, both U.P.

*design and illustration by Seymour Rosofsky*

# MORAVSKY DEN AT PILSEN PARK

*Old Country revels fill the city*
*ethnic playground with rousin*
*song and swirling colo*

Maypole is the center of Moravian festivals, whether they are held in May or at harvest time. Prototype of the local fete is the harvest ceremonial. Young men execute squatting hops around pole to the music of a brass band.

**y Alan Whitney**

Back around the turn of the century most of the taverns in town found heir kegs and coils tightly gripped by redatory brewery owners. In many ises retail buildings were owned by e brewers. In others, in order to get eer, the tavern owners had to lease eir properties to the breweries and en rent them back. With this tight in established, the manufacturers ted in concert to keep wholesale ices high. Since the workingman uldn't afford to pay more than a ckel a stein, the barkeeps were ught in a nasty squeeze.

In 1903, seven Bohemian tavern ners got very tired of this exploitan and pooled their resources to und their own brewery at 26th and bany, naming it Pilsen after the ding beer producing town in what uld later become Czechoslovakia.

A few years later the Western ion of Sokols (Czech physical train- societies) was looking for a new place to hold its annual gymnastics exhibition. It had outgrown the Coliseum and the public parks didn't offer the privacy needed for large-scale calisthenics. Officers called on the directors of the Pilsen Brewing company and offered to clear the weeds out of the large lot to the west of the plant if they could hold the demonstration there. The bargain was made and the event was a big success.

Seeing that it had a good thing, the company then walled off the plot, built pavilions and opened a large private picnic ground. Concerts were tried as a means of attracting patronage, but fell short of cracking the nut. The firm then adopted a new policy of renting the whole place to large organizations on specified dates, limiting its own participation to selling beer.

Over the years the park developed into the city's leading site for summertime nationality festivals. Not only the nearby Bohemians, but Polish, Italian, Russian, Scandinavian and other ethnic organizations packed the place on week ends to sing, dance and tipple in Old Country style.

John Cervenka, first president of the brewery, was a close friend of three great Czech statesmen—Thomas and Jan Masaryk and Eduard Benes. All of them visited the park on many occasions. Rallies were held there to promote the establishment of Czechoslovakia after the first World War. The movement which led to erection of a statue to the memory of the elder Masaryk on the Midway began at a meeting in Pilsen park.

THIS SUMMER the park had its full quota of ethnic celebrations. As usual, tho, there was something special about those occasions when Czechoslovak groups gathered on Bohemian-owned ground in the biggest West Slav community this side of Prague.

Such an event was the 17th annual

Most costumes are imported in pieces from Czechoslovakia and then assembled by skilled seamstresses. Some are valued at hundreds of dollars and here, as in the Old Country, they are worn on only the most festive occasions.

Right: Dining room menu in Czech unaccountably translated "hot dogs," which are a Moravian favorite. Below: Two generations of bonnet wearers ride a cart in parade.

*Moravsky Den* (Moravian Day) h
by the United Moravian Societies,
cluding 13 chapters here and other
Detroit, Toledo, New York and Ce
Rapids.

Moravians come from the cen
part of Czechoslovakia, and they
gard themselves as being more tra
tion-conscious than the Bohemians
the west or the Slovaks to the east

More than 5,000 of them mark
*Moravsky Den* by eating roast du
downing the mellow beer, singing a
dancing joyfully to the music of br
bands and watching ornately c
tumed young people reenact the
folk ceremonies of the Moravian
lages.

All of this activity was punctua
with a characteristic high-pitched y
intended to convey exuberance
likely to induce terror among un
formed visitors.

John V. Lysak, who owns a furnit
store on Pulaski road, was chairm
of *Moravsky Den* and the progr
was directed by Frank Hrachovs
who teaches graphics at Illinois Te
Both are natives of Moravia and H
chovsky is an authority on the fo
ways of his native region.

Ceremonies started on Saturd
night with the raising of the maypo
Moravians are particularly fond of t
ritual and perform it not only on M
Day but almost whenever the opp
tunity presents itself. The pole is ab
60 feet long, with a decorated fir t
at the top, and raising it is quite diff
ent from putting up a clothes pr
Twenty men worked at the task wh
others shouted instructions and wa
ings in Czech. A group of elde
kibitzers stood by arguing about
techniques being employed, each
ing the way it was done in his villa
as the only really correct method.

A BIG CHEER went up from the cro
as the pole was eased into a verti
position in the middle of a la
wooden stage and in front of a can
backdrop depicting the heart of
Moravian village.

The program that followed w
based closely on the Moravian harv
festivals which occur at about
same time of the year. The leader
the young unmarried men and g
asked the mayor for permission to t
over the running of the village for
day. After kidding him about hav
presented inferior dancing the year
fore, the mayor turned over a pa
ment scroll representing the reque
authority.

A spirited dance was then
ducted, with the girls standing aro
the pole and the men circling th
leaping in the air and landing on
leg in a squat with the other

ended straight out. After that the oys grabbed the girls and whirling, tomping choreography ensued—as the Moravian version of the rebel yell gain filled the air.

Next the queen elected by the oung people was crowned with a iara. She was Mirka Tesarova, 25, vho works at the Land O'Lakes reameries on the West Side. Born ere, Miss Tesarova was "raised up" n Czechoslovakia and returned to Chicago with her family six years ago.

THE REST of Saturday night was de-oted to informal dancing and singing, vith the main festivities taking place n Sunday afternoon. A parade formed t 26th and Harding and proceeded ast to the park. There were two brass ands, a float for the queen and narching units of men and women of ll ages in their most elaborate cos-umes. The young girls wore lacy em-roidered blouses with big puffed leeves and short skirts with scores of leats, starched so that they stood out vithout the aid of nylon petticoats. nstead they had old fashioned white ringed pantalets that met black stock-ngs just above the knee. The men ere clad in high black boots, bro-aded trousers and collarless shirts.

Old women with babushkas on their eads grinned from second floor win-ows as the marchers walked leisurely ast the shops with Czech names on e windows.

Over the entrance to the park was a g sign reading *vitame vas* (we wel-ome you). Inside there were booths lling imported souvenirs, beer, wine, *urky* (pickles), *parek* (hot dogs) d *parky* (hot dogs with two weiners a single bun). In the main building orchestra played for dancing and ast duck and pork, dumplings and uerkraut were prepared in huge pots.

One of the bands stationed itself ward the front of the park and the her went out by the stage to play the formal program. Members of th were kept well supplied with ld beer.

The performance included dancers fm kindergarten to young adult els. The little boys were given a rty cheer for their determined ef-ts to execute the squatting dance ps. The young unmarried group set t stage shaking with a series of lics around the maypole.

One of the dances near the end of th show was a pantomime in which th boys, as cobblers, make shoes for thir brides and then try to steal kisses a rewards while the girls fend them Several of the bolder youths ad ed New World variations. They bbed their ladies and carried out thefts.

*photographs by Zdenek Pivecka*

*design by Carl Schranz*

Above: This year's festival queen, Mirka Tesarova, is crowned by her predecessor, Mrs. Frances Flider, who had to abdicate when she married. Right: Strength and skill are needed to raise the long, heavy maypole.

Marching on hot pavements in tight boots makes the feet swell and the footgear cling.

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# GOOD MUSIC:

# *It's a merchandising proposition*

**by Bernard Asbell**

The short man with the black mustache and the round face worked his fingers nervously as he waited on the station platform. It was the afternoon of May 17, 1950. The incoming special train braked carefully.

"This," he said quietly, "is what I have waited for. The Metropolitan Opera comes and goes. But back in 1934, this is what I told my wife I would achieve: Harry Zelzer presents Arturo Toscanini."

Only once before in his career as Chicago's impresario had Harry Zelzer openly expressed personal reverence for a musical artist. In the first concert he ever staged – 20 years before – Zelzer sponsored Beniamino Gigli because he revered him. He lost $1,200. Ever since he's had reverence for nothing that can't be proved by figures.

Today, Zelzer is America's biggest buyer of classical talent for a single city. Each year his eye runs down a list of the magic names of music: Jascha Heifetz, Marian Anderson, Artur Rubinstein, and as the list fades from glare to glimmer he checks off those names likely to turn a profit for him at Orchestra hall this year. The rest of the artists probably won't appear in Chicago.

"People today," Zelzer explains, "buy only the well-advertised label. It's a merchandising proposition."

Allied Arts corporation, the name under which Zelzer does business, merchandises more than 50 concerts a year in Chicago. For a sideline, Zelzer stages small-size concert seasons in Milwaukee, Grand Rapids and South Bend. Compared with his opposite numbers in other major cities, Zelzer's success is remarkable.

Since Zelzer's ascent, more concerts enliven Chicago than ever before. Halls are fuller, often filled. When music lovers learn this, they are grateful and approving. Then someone always spoils the picture by spelling out Zelzer's control of concert life, and approval shifts to dismay. For one business man decides which stars will perform from the recital stage, what music they will play and which newcomers will get a tryout in the big time. The non-profit Chicago Symphony operates outside his realm, but that's about all.

Before Zelzer, music lovers complained there was too little music. Since Zelzer, they complain there is too much control.

Is Chicago the richer for Harry Zelzer's control of its musical life? Or, to put it less personally, does a city profit culturally when its music is merchandised and the motive is the making of money?

The more the question is explored, the less easy it is to answer. But, to begin exploring it, one must take a closeup look at America's most successful concert manager.

Harry Zelzer, short, plump and explosive, is 57 and proud that he looks less than 50. His eyebrows are perpetually raised, rounding his eyes so they are always asking "Oh?" When he talks, his face closes in on yours and his voice deepens and softens. His eyes bore into you. Should you look away for a moment to release the pressure, his head whirls around to see what you are looking at. Then it whirls back to watch you again.

HE JOKES uncomfortably about people who call him a monopolist. "When you're a success," he says, "they call you a monopoly. When you're a failure, you're a foundation."

Since Zelzer has exclusive prior right to rummage among the world's greatest musical talents to pick out

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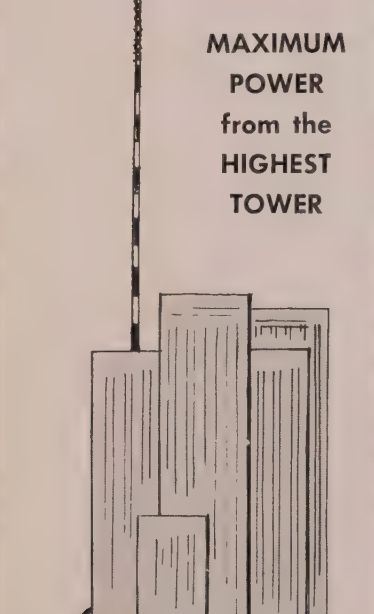

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what he wants, he has, unquestionably, a monopoly. This monopoly didn't grow out of a hard-as-nails deal in which Zelzer backed a helpless agent into a dark corner. When any concert manager buys a performance, he buys an exclusive appearance in his city for that year. He gets first call next year, too. Zelzer has accumulated first contract call on virtually every artist worth a second curtain call. Sometimes, however, he denies he has any call at all.

"Anybody," he argues, "can buy Heifetz if he offers $500 more." Then he leans forward and turns on his appeal-to-reason tone of voice. "Why should Heifetz go to somebody else when he's been with me for 22 years?"

That Zelzer should let Heifetz get away (which Heifetz feels no urge to do) is unthinkable. The veteran virtuoso magnetizes a box office. Many names glitter, but not all that glitter turn to gold.

Sometimes an artist slips thru Zelzer's fingers, but the artist might be first to howl. Last year, Byron Janis, a young pianist selected for fame by the powerful New York managers, did howl when he was sold to the Midwest Music foundation to headline a piano series.

Janis was not impressed by top-line status in a second-best series. He knew that Zelzer had been eyeing him for his unrivaled pianists line-up. In Zelzer's series, true, Janis would be lost in the company of Artur Rubinstein, Rudolf Serkin, Clifford Curzon and Solomon. But in music it is better, much better, to be a small fish in a big pond, especially if the pond is as big as Zelzer's piano series.

Zelzer is important to the artist on the way up. In fact, in Chicago there is no "up" without Zelzer. On the other hand, when it suits his fancy he can help rescue the artist on the way down. While Zelzer has found it pays to avoid socializing with his artists, he has cultivated one close friendship with a celebrated violinist. A few years ago, for reasons which can be explained only by the frustrating phrase, "that's show business," this violinist's box office appeal sagged dangerously. The hard-headed impresario, under such circumstances, is not inclined to fight city hall. The has-been is merely dropped. In this case, however, persuaded by his personal ties, Zelzer booked the violinist in his time of trouble. Some tickets were sold and, with the remaining lot, Zelzer "papered the house," which is to say he was generous in inviting as his personal guest any casual acquaintance who promised not to tell. Then he whispered, loud enough for the whole industry to hear, how this violinist had held him up for an exorbitant fee but that it proved, after all, well worth it. After two annual applications of this treatment, the patient's ailing box office responded and he is again one of the music world's most dependable attractions.

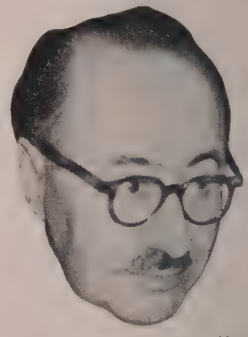
Zelzer's power in the music world rises from his skill in manufacturing big audiences for great artists. He furnishes music its visible means of support. For this he is unanimously esteemed by performers. But in another matter, Zelzer splits artists sharply into two camps: those who admire his extraordinary ability to pick repertoire and those who are shocked that he dares tamper with it.

To every contract, Zelzer adds the gentle phrase, "Programs will be submitted." With this phrase, Zelzer controls the music.

"There is no censorship," he insists. "Where the artist solicits my advice, there is collaboration."

Of some 50 programs a year, Zelzer claims he changes at most a half dozen to conform to the public pulse. "I am a heart specialist. I always have my ear to the box office. That's where the heart of this business is."

A few years ago, Ormandy and the Philadelphia orchestra were scheduled for a Saturday night program on the Zelzer Concert series. Zelzer pegs its audience at "a little higher than the Chicago Symphony's Saturday night



Harry Zelzer

pop concerts — not quite as high as my Sunday afternoon subscription series." Ormandy submitted Brahms' Fourth symphony. Zelzer said, "No, Beethoven's Fifth." After a managerial tug of war, Zelzer won. The concert went delightfully well. Next night in Evanston, Ormandy got to do his Brahms' Fourth. Zelzer attended out of courtesy to the maestro. When the audience's yawns and fidgets became too obvious to ignore, Zelzer nudged the orchestra's road manager. "Beethoven would sound good now, wouldn't he?"

Zelzer breaks down the audience statistically. "Out of a hall of 2,500, maybe 500 are *feinschmeckers* — real connoisseurs — who love Bach and

Mozart, even Bartok and new music. Another 500 are 'college level' listeners. They'll take music up as far as Richard Strauss and maybe Stravinsky's descriptive music, but no further. Twelve hundred, the main body, are 'high school level.' They're laymen who thoroly appreciate old classics but are skeptical about anything unproven. The other are 'grade school.' They would just as soon hear Sousa as anything. They'll try a little Hindemith or Schoenberg because they don't want to say they don't know what it's like."

When Zelzer even brings up such names as Bartok, Schoenberg, Hindemith and Mahler, his voice places them at arm's length. "Bartok" to Zelzer is a cussword. "Mahler" is nearly as bad. Hindemith rates a kind of respect. Zelzer calls him the Einstein of music. ("He works out all his music by arithmetic, you know.")

Perhaps his personal association with Hindemith explains the warmer feeling. For Zelzer was the impresario and Hindemith was the star at the concert distinguished, according to Zelzer, as the biggest financial bust in the history of Orchestra hall. Zelzer hired the Chicago Symphony to celebrate Hindemith's 50th birthday and he installed the composer as guest conductor.

"After three or four rehearsals," Zelzer recollects, "you began to get used to the music."

Following the performance, Hindemith inquired pleasantly, "How did the concert go? Did many people leave?"

"About 200," Zelzer guessed.

"That's not bad," said Hindemith. "Not bad at all," he repeated, walking away and nodding pleasantly.

Zelzer says he invited Hindemith back for his 75th birthday.

He let Mahler into Orchestra hall last fall. It was a calculated risk. The Amsterdam Concertgebouw orchestra visited for two programs. Maestro Rafael Kubelik had submitted three alternative programs for one of the concerts – each of them built around a work of Mahler. Zelzer gave way to Kubelik's strong hint. His reasoning was this: (1) the appearance of the orchestra was exciting enough to help overcome Mahler; (2) the program was balanced off with a more popular Dvorak work; (3) ever since Kubelik was ungracefully dumped by the Chicago Symphony, Chicagoans have rearded him with special affection, and 4) "Mahler hasn't been played in Chicago for so long the public probbly doesn't remember how unpopular e is."

As it turned out, Orchestra hall ell short of a sellout by fewer than 50 seats. In the unpredictable concert business, that was a bull's-eye calculation.

So Zelzer, who monopolizes the choice of who will play in Chicago, can control what they play, too. How is his local control viewed by men of national power in the music business?

OF 400 ARTISTS who earn a living at recitals in the United States, about 150 soloists and 35 group attractions are managed by Columbia Artists Management. About 120 soloists and 20 groups are managed by National Concerts and Artists corporation or Sol Hurok.

These are the New York managers. They are the wholesalers of immortal talent on a national scale. They sell to local managers like Harry Zelzer. The New York managers live on a percentage of their artists' earnings – usually 20 per cent. Zelzer's' living comes from box office surplus after the artist's fee, hall rental, advertising and overhead are paid.

A seller ordinarily relishes the pull and tug of competing buyers. But the New York manager finds that a local music monopoly suits him fine.

"Why shouldn't we go all the way with Harry Zelzer?" one such manager demanded. "Harry pays his bills on time. I like to deal with Harry because he's a darn good buyer. When important attractions come to this country, we know that Harry has to have them and we give it to him in the neck. On the other hand, when we need a Chicago date for an artist, Harry knows it. We get it in the neck. There's never any question of where he stands."

Filling empty seats with cash customers is an engrossing job. Zelzer's office, in the Opera House building, is never dressed for company. It is geared to tell its message wholesale thru the post office, not retail thru a smiling and patient ticket clerk. Thru Zelzer's mailing meter pass 400,000 pieces of salesmanship a year. His mailing list has 70,000 names.

Mail is aimed chiefly at selling concert subscriptions. Beyond the subscription dates, about 20 concerts must stand on their own feet. Spotted among these are a few sure-fire box office hits like the Mariners and Fred Waring. "These programs," Zelzer explains democratically, "are for the common people who Lincoln reminded us that God loved so well."

When Zelzer books a star, he must make a risky calculation: How many tickets will the star's name sell merely by displaying it in newspaper ads and trumpeting it to his mailing list?

The figure Zelzer comes up with is key to his survival. Nearly always he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finds himself confronting an estimate that the star's drawing power, left alone, will not cover expenses of the concert. Thus, to keep himself in business, Zelzer has slowly perfected machinery for tearing people away from their TV sets and their apathy and depositing them, for an evening at least, in the concert hall.

Zelzer has built a huge list of organizations dedicated to raising money. Gathering up that quantity of tickets which won't sell on the artist's steam alone, he turns to his needy organizations and does what any modern merchant might do if pressed by too much inventory. He cuts the price tag. A club taking over some of Zelzer's ticket surplus can get 10 to 40 per cent off. These clubs mail out quantities of his brochures, providing him intensive sales promotion his own budget could never stand. The business that floats back requires the full time of a woman executive on Zelzer's staff.

THIS SALES procedure profoundly colors the music picture. It fetches new people to the music hall. For all anyone knows, some of them might come back to join the permanent audience. Sometimes, too, it collects the bored businessman who came at his wife's insistence and who is snoring quietly before the intermission begins. But the procedure brings financial support to the recital. It makes successes out of many potential flops. It serves the music lover by insuring there will be concerts at all.

"I owe my success," Zelzer said once in a thoughtful moment, "to my love for music plus my experience in the banking business."

In 1921 Zelzer started as a low-paid assistant teller in the City State bank of Chicago. Quickly he rose to the bond sales department, became its manager and earned yearly commissions between $18,000 and $25,000. One year he reaped $32,000. When the City State bank folded in the 1929 crash 32-year old Zelzer was unemployed, but unworried. For one thing, he knew that men who clear $32,000 in good times can survive in bad. Secondly, he had a comfortable supply of dollars safely banked. (Banks don't accept deposits from their employes. Zelzer's money was stashed in a bank that didn't fail). Third, he had a plan.

Six years earlier, an elderly man with a fiddle under his arm had entered the bank. His name was P. Marinus Paulsen and his violin was a genuine Guarnerius. He was conductor of the People's Symphony orchestra and he needed to borrow $600 to pay his musicians. He would return the funds from the box office of an approaching concert. For collateral, he would leave his precious violin. Because the loan executives were all out for coffee the lot fell to Harry Zelzer to hear out Paulsen's problem. Zelzer explained that no bank could make such a loan. But the prospects of the orchestra impressed Zelzer and he advanced the $600 himself. He explained that his father's great-grandfather played flute when Napoleon marched into Warsaw, that he felt right at home in such a venture as this.

For the next six years, Zelzer managed the People's Symphony orchestra. He learned about concert audiences, about mailing lists, about tickets.

He perceived thru those years that no strong man directed concert life in Chicago. When F. Wight Neumann, for many years a powerful impresario, died on October 22, 1924, concert life largely died, too. One of Neumann's assistants had tried to take over but the business sagged.

Young Zelzer staged his first concert as an independent impresario October 15, 1930. He rented the Opera House and quickly learned it possible to lose $1,200 in one nigh on so pleasurable an offering as Ber iamino Gigli.

"But I had a drive to be successfu in this business," he says now. "I sa Chicago had no music. I knew it onc had."

In 1931, he scheduled five concert His operation was run more maturely so he lost no more in five concert than he had lost the previous year i one. His third year showed a profi

His only competition came fro Northwestern university. Its series "The History and Enjoyment of Mus ic," enjoyed rights to some of th best boxoffice names in the world Artur Rubinstein, Sergei Rachmaninof and Lily Pons. Before long, North western decided to drop the prestig but profitless project. The series wa taken over by two young men, Edga L. Goldsmith and Warren Thompson who previously had been its publicists They called themselves Allied Art corporation. The series grew sturdie until Goldsmith became seriously i

## Catalog of Concert Merchandise

Subscription series make up the heart of Harry Zelzer's concert business. Of four to choose from, the Allied Arts Music series is the flagship. The title really covers two series of six programs each. This year, Section I offers:

Herbert von Karajan and the Philharmonic Orchestra of London
Elisabeth Schwarzkopf
De Paur Infantry chorus
Vienna Choir Boys
Yehudi Menuhin
I Musici

The array in Section II is just as excellent, making a satisfactory choice between the two series almost impossible:

Robert Shaw chorale and orchestra
Mischa Elman
Eleanor Steber
Jussi Bjoerling
Andres Segovia
Minneapolis Symphony orchestra conducted by Antal Dorati

The Zelzer Concert series on Saturday nights, angled for a slightly less highbrow audience, includes:

Bach Aria group, including Eileen Farrell, Carol Smith and Jan Peerce
Nathan Milstein
Virtuosi di Roma
Irmgard Seefried
Mozarteum orchestra conducted by Ernst Marzendorfer
Camilla Williams and Todd Duncan

The Allied Arts Piano series lists:

Rudolf Serkin
Vronsky and Babin
Moura Lympany
Artur Rubinstein
Byron Janis
Wilhelm Backhaus
Rudolf Firkusny
Eddy Gordon

Newest of the subscription packages is the Allied Arts Dance series and its popularity is growing fast. It presents:

New York City ballet
Paul Draper and Jean Leon Destine
Ballet Espagnols
Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo
Ballet Theater

n 1948. Thompson had no taste for
rning Allied Arts alone, so they sold
eir company to a theatrical manager
t a distress price. The buyer took a
ood look after he had leaped and
ecided this business was too tricky
r him. He, in turn, shopped for a
uyer and found only one: Harry
elzer. The double change of owner-
hip was rapid and unceremonius. But
delivered into Harry Zelzer's hands
le control of recital music in Chicago.

In 1950, Zelzer put up a nervous
100,000 to guarantee a one-week
tay of the Metropolitan Opera. It was
is biggest gamble. Such was the local
y that the critics unanimously soft-
edaled their grunts at the repertoire:
'osca, Carmen, La Traviata, Die
leistersinger, Rigoletto, La Boheme.
'elix Borowski of the *Sun-Times*,
an and gentlest of the critics, sighed
n behalf of his colleagues that it was
selection "which generally is sup-
osed to be commercially safe when
n operatic troupe takes to the un-
rtainties of the road."

The city was happy but Zelzer care-
lly refused to take bows. "Don't
ake me a martyr," he told one of the
itics. "Martyrs get killed. I'm a
usinessman."

Zelzer makes it a point never to be
entified as a guardian of culture. He
a merchant of it.

"This morning," he confided once,
was listening to Beethoven's Fifth
the phonograph. It made my coffee
ste better. But I don't want people
think of me as a music lover. Let
em think of me as a banker. People
spect you more."

Zelzer senses that the moment he
comes the guardian of culture, he
comes accountable for it. As a
erchandiser, he can sidestep the cul-
ral battles with the simple com-
ent, "I'm not a critic."

In fact, he is not quite sure of the
tic's right to claim guardianship.
hy should the papers," he asks,
penly debate my business any more
n they should debate what books
. Brentano puts in his window?"

With Chicago's critics, Zelzer lives
a relationship he describes as
eaceful co-existence." Only once has
fallen into open conflict with one
them. Irving Sablosky, the youth-
but respected music writer for the
*ily News*, accused Zelzer of dipping
ep into the commercial bucket"
en he presented the First Piano
artet. The offering contained, Sab-
ky wrote, "exactly as much music
as there is love in a bawdy house."
Zzer protested that this was not a
sic criticism but a public judgment
Zelzer's business methods. Next
ek, the usual complimentary tickets
ed to arrive at Sablosky's desk.

Zelzer explained that he wanted a public apology. Sablosky covered concerts of Piatigorsky and Serkin on paid tickets — and praised them both. The *Tribune's* Claudia Cassidy wrote, "All I can say is 'Irving, come sit with me.'" A few days later, Zelzer, Sablosky and Everett Norlander, managing editor of the *Daily News*, met and some amiable solution, never made public, was worked out.

When the Metropolitan returned in 1951, Zelzer announced a repertoire even more box office tailored than in 1950. But the critics aimed their blasts at Rudolf Bing, general manager of the Met, for carting in *La Boheme, La Traviata* and two showings of *Fledermaus* — "two Fledermice," as Miss Cassidy snapped.

"This is strictly a box office setup, but what did you expect?" Miss Cassidy demanded bitterly. Sizing up the deployment of cultural forces, she came up with this assessment:

"If a group of responsible Chicagoans would underwrite possible losses, we might have a chance at *Don Carlos,* the *Flying Dutchman, Fidelio, Tristan and Isolde,* the Verdi *Requiem* and Wagner's *Ring* . . . We can scarcely expect a local impresario to take chances."

IF MISS CASSIDY'S last sentence was a slap at the local impresario, Zelzer didn't feel it, for he's the first to agree with her. He is, as he protests laboriously, a businessman. He is governed by the laws of all business men.

Like any merchandiser, Zelzer must lure more and more people to fewer and fewer well-advertised labels. In that direction lies business efficiency.

Harry Zelzer's monopoly, thru his efficiency and merchandising skill, has brought thousands of new people to the joys of live music. But it cannot do what many music lovers demand that it do: the monopoly cannot become the guardian of art. It cannot, for the sake of an upward and onward culture, unveil the bright new artist and take a financial pounding. It cannot present controversial music when it is doing so well with the accepted. It cannot encourage variety in taste, when it is better business to develop conformity.

But cultivators of new taste fields can take heart. Harry Zelzer's high-powered plow will turn up plenty of prospects for the cultivators to work on. He will gaily continue to solicit newcomers to music in the manner in which he recently invited a gossip columnist to Orchestra hall:

"Why don't you go longhair for a night? No kidding, good music isn't as bad as it sounds." ▬

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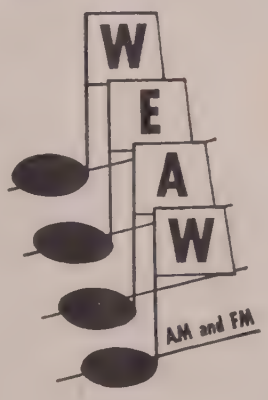


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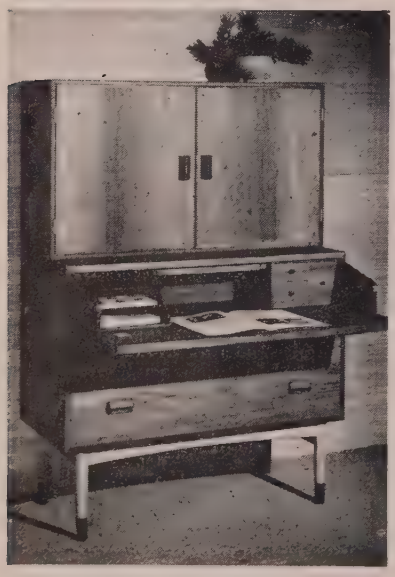
by Don J. Anderse



Slide-out mirror concealed in this compact desk converts it to a vanity. When the drop-desk folds back, the exterior facing is that of a three-drawer unit. It's an imported piece by Borge Mogenson, available in teak and other wood.

A young person's room really becomes a home when it is built around a place to study. Above, work area is expanded by utilizing the tops of usual bedroom pieces in a set of early American style, shown at the Furniture Mart. These pieces may be rearranged for use in other rooms, too.

Light in any direction is provided b this Harry Weese lamp which has a unusually flexible arm stretching ou from a heavily weighted base.

Where space allows for a desk without a secondary function, this Ladislov Rado design with natural mahogany finish, legs of steel tubing and plastic drawers is a handsome choice.

To get maximum use out of small living space, the main pieces here each lead a double life: a roomy double bed folds into a neat sofa, the end table contains handy drawer and cabinet space and the lid of the desk lifts to reveal a vanity mirror.

map of the world is lithographed in
lor on this metal waste basket.

Especially for young men, this knotty pine furniture presents a rough-and-tumble sort of neatness. Pulls and hinges are of burnished brass.

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# As We Were

**75 YEARS AGO.** The Roman Catholic archdiocese of Chicago was formed in September, 1880, with Rt. Rev. Patrick Augustus Feehan as the **first archbishop.** . . . Three men and a horse raced 30 miles at Haverly's Mastodon Pavilion, a large tent set up on the lake front. The men ran in relays, with the horse going the entire distance. The horse, a chestnut mare named Thought, won by about three miles . . . **The Fair,** then billed as "the largest and cheapest store in America," justified its claim by selling children's shoes for 50 cents, umbrellas for 30 cents, suspenders for a dime and cotton towels at four cents . . . O. R. Keith & Co. opened a new six-story store for women at Wabash and Monroe.

**50 YEARS AGO.** In September, 1905, the new Onwentsia club applied for permission to build a clubhouse in Lake Forest . . . The Auditorium opened its 17th season with a series of concerts by **John Philip Sousa's band** . . . Mayor Edward F. Dunne and 300 other members of the Jefferson club held a dinner for William Jennings Bryan, who told them he was not then a candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination . . . Installation of new white-on-black **vertical street signs** was started in the Loop . . . John M. Hamilton died at 58 in his home on the West Side. He had fought in the Civil War as a boy and filled out a term as governor of the state of Illinois from 1881 to 1884.

**25 YEARS AGO.** The McVickers showed "Animal Crackers," starring the four Marx Brothers and Lillian Roth, in September, 1930 . . . After leading by five games at the beginning of the month, the Cubs blew the National league pennant. However, Cub outfielder **Hack Wilson** set a National league home run record and a major league runs-batted-in mark that have yet to be equaled . . . Stephen W. Wheeler, who had claimed he was the **oldest living native** of Chicago, died at his daughter's home in Missouri. He had been born in 1837 within 200 feet of State and Madison . . . Patricia Cleary of West Rogers Park won grand prize in the baby contest at the Central States fair in Aurora.

# Edgar Lee Masters at the Hotel Chelsea

by James T. Farrell

There is a certain glamor attached to the life of a writer. Writers are both envied and feared.

Deep within every human being, there is a need for expression. Also, there is a desire, perhaps it might be called a vanity, to speak beyond the grave. Often the hunger of human beings for immortality is seen as realized in writers. They are sometimes regarded as living immortals. Writers are then thought of as doubly and triply blessed and at the same time they are hated by people who deeply feel themselves to be frustrated and to have failed in life.

Furthermore, writers are usually imagined to be more rich than they usually are. It is assumed that they have many women, that they enjoy fine meals, that they go from one intillating conversation to the next and that, in general, they do not quite share the life of ordinary mortals.

The popular myths about writers are, in many cases, in sharp and disillusioning contrast to the cold and often hard realities of a writer's life.

For most writers, life goes on in a state of constant and even permanent insecurity. Styles and fashions of taste change. The successful author of one year can easily be forgotten in two, three, five years. In any country, the number of people with a taste for genuinely serious, rewarding and great literature is small.

In too many instances, a meretricious author will outsell a genuine and sincere artist. The history of literature in many countries tells this same story over and over again. Poets, novelists of stature have suffered neglect. They were ignored by critics, or else brutally assaulted and attacked. They faced neglect and loneliness. They saw their inferiors honored, praised and rewarded.

The immortality awarded to them was a cold hope that they could look forward to when their fineness of feelings, their sensitivity, their special vision would all be blotted out in death. The remains of their insensate and decaying flesh would be honored in compensation for the neglect they suffered during their lives.

While these observations may sound familiar if not obvious, they need to be repeated many times and to every generation. And they come to my mind when I think of the American poet, Edgar Lee Masters. He is no more. When I was a young man in college, I first read his great and famous book, *Spoon River Anthology*. It moved me deeply and it was an early influence on the shaping of my own literary ambitions and aspirations.

I sit in an old hotel in New York, the Chelsea on west 23rd street. Edgar Lee Masters lived here for many years. At one time, Thomas Wolfe also lived in this hotel. I used to come here to visit Masters now and then in the 1930s, never dreaming or imagining that I would, one day, be sitting in my own room in the same establishment, writing this little souvenir about him. It has been his fate to be too much neglected in his own country now after his death, just as he was lonely and neglected during the last years of his life.

True, *Spoon River Anthology* is required reading in literature courses in many American colleges and universities. But for the rest, his name is rarely spoken, and even more rarely is it seen in print. He is forgotten in the fashionable and sophisticated reviews such as *Partisan Review*. To my knowledge, no serious critical evaluation of Edgar Lee Masters has been written in America since his death. The neglect of Masters began before his death and it now continues. In time, I hope that it will be rectified.

I remember him as a big, plump, gray-haired man. He was both bitter and shy. His bitterness was a kind of defense mechanism for his shyness. Separated from his wife for years, he lived alone in the Hotel Chelsea.

He was one of the fathers of American literature. A lawyer, and, at one time, a partner of Clarence Darrow, he wrote *Spoon River Anthology* and published it in a remarkable magazine of small circulation, *Reedy's Mirror*.

When there were stirrings in American writing about 40 years ago, es-

Edgar Lee Masters

pecially in poetry, Masters was quickly recognized, and *Spoon River Anthology* became a famous book. But he became the victim of his own fame. All of his other work — some of it is very good — was invidiously compared with this one book. Whenever Masters was praised, it was because of *Spoon River Anthology*. In time, he reacted with dislike, bitterness and anger if someone praised this book.

He loved the Midwest from which he came, even tho he condemned it and joked bitterly of it. I recall once when I saw him, he said to me: "Jim, I spent a long time in Chicago. I went out to Kansas to lecture. I had to change trains in Chicago. I got into town at 2:30 in the afternoon and I couldn't get a train out of the place until 6 o'clock that evening. I spent a long time in Chicago."

I might add that there were personal reasons for this dislike which need not be gone into here. Yet he never, to my knowledge, felt completely at home on the Atlantic seaboard.

Once he sat at my table when I spoke at a dinner given by the American Pen club. One of the other speakers was an eastern professor, an editor and a man who, also, had been successful in politics. This man's speech and mine were not in accord. Others spoke, and I felt constrained to express fairly decisive disagreement with one of them. This impressed Masters.

The next day, I received a letter from him. The bitterness of this letter was so thoro that it was amusing. He exploded his feelings on eastern professors. He felt deeply about his midwestern origins. And he had, like many midwestern authors of various generations, faced barricades of eastern snobbery here in New York and in New England.

Masters resented this: it was a source of bitterness in him and he saw in me a boy from the Midwest. I had talked back to the eastern professors. He was pleased, and he trusted me.

I was many years the junior of Edgar Lee Masters. I first heard his name as the famous author of *Spoon River Anthology*. He and the men of his generation were great non-conformists. His law partner, Darrow, was one of them. Darrow publicly proclaimed his agnosticism. He pleaded for the criminal in courts. He opposed capital punishment. He wrote a book on penology in which he advocated humane methods in the treatment of prisoners with the aim of reforming them.

In famous court pleas, he would quote *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* and other poems, using excerpts to bolster pleas for mercy. Also, Darrow wrote a charming but now forgotten novel of boyhood, titled *Farmington*.

Theodore Dreiser, a great friend of Masters, was likewise a non-conformist who never deviated from his own pathways in American literature, regardless of tirades of prudes, puritans, hypocrites, snobs, censors and a howling miscellaneous array of the enemies of art. The poem, *Theodore the Poet*, in *Spoon River Anthology*, is a tribute to Dreiser. I quote it in full:

> As a boy, Theodore, you sat for long hours
> On the shore of the turbid Spoon
> With deep-set eyes staring at the door of the crawfish's burrow,
> Waiting for him to appear, pushing ahead,
> First his waving antennae, like straws of hay,
> And soon his body, colored like soap-stone,
> Gemmed with eyes of jet.
> And you wondered in a trance of thought
> What he knew, what he desired, and why he lived at all.
> But later your vision watched for men and women
> Hiding in burrows of fate amid great cities,
> Looking for the souls of them to come out,
> So that you could see
> How they lived, and for what,
> And why they kept crawling so busily
> Along the sandy way where water fails
> As the summer wanes.

Edgar Lee Masters always spoke of Dreiser with the greatest of respect and affection. They knew each other for many years. But so shy was Masters that for a period he imagined that Dreiser didn't care for him and wouldn't be interested in him personally. Somewhat timidly, he sent a letter to Dreiser in California, and Dreiser's friendly response touched Masters deeply. Their friendship grew.

Another writer for whom he had the most profound respect was the poet, Vachel Lindsay. Again and again, he spoke of Lindsay. He believed that Lindsay had never received his full and just deserts as a poet.

On the other hand, Masters was estranged from Carl Sandburg for many years altho, in his last years, he and Sandburg grew friendly, and he died respecting and admiring Sandburg. He came to know John Dewey, the great American philosopher, and sometimes visited in Dewey's home, or went to eat with Dewey in Chinese restaurants. He reacted with an almost child-like joy when he realized that John Dewey liked him and wanted to see him.

One of Masters' best friends was the critic and editor, H. L. Mencken. In passing, I might add that I first m them together on a summer night August, 1935. They were drinkir beer at the outdoor cafe of the Hot Brevoort in New York. My wife ar I joined them.

Between them, there was a car araderie and a common attitude abo frauds, prohibitionists and what Me cken called "the American booboisie

That night, they spoke of write who were at the time out of fashio One for whom they both expresse great admiration was Rudyard Kiplin Mencken practically never came New York (he lived in Baltimore without seeing Masters. To this da Mencken remembers Masters with a fection and respect.

I have a sad recollection of Maste which tells a profoundly symbol story, not only about him, but al about other great writers whose fa is to grow old and to die in neglec One day about 1938, I visited him the Hotel Chelsea. He spoke on th phone. The other party in this co versation was obviously a lectu agent or someone else connected wi the arrangement of readings and le tures for Masters. There was a hu anger and a bewilderment in the o poet's voice. He couldn't get many e gagements, and he couldn't get th same fees that he once did; he gre angry; he spoke in genuine bewilde ment.

He said nothing of this conversatio to me when it had been terminate We continued our own conversatio But his embarrassment was pate and unmistakable. He was deepl wounded.

In 1945, there appeared newspap stories stating that the poet, Edg Lee Masters, had been found ill an penurious, and that he had bee rushed to a hospital. This story wa later denied, and friends said tha he still had some money. I have neve been able to ascertain the true fac here. This much is clear, I am certai He was poor if not penurious. I a reasonably convinced that H. L. Me cken came to his aid and paid shared in the payment of his hospit bills.

The newspaper stories of Maste illness roused great indignation Dreiser. Shortly after their appearanc I saw Dreiser on the latter's last tr to New York. Dreiser spoke of th He told me that Masters was bei cared for and that the newspap stories weren't true. But he, al spoke angrily of the neglect of Maste He complained sharply because the was no post in the President's cabi to deal with matters of culture, b cause the American government c

othing to provide for great writers hen they grow old.

Masters was released from the hos- ital. He received around this time an ward from the National Institute of rts and Letters, an American organ- ation modelled after the French cademy and similar institutions. He as reconciled with his estranged wife nd left New York with her. Not long ter this, he died.

As is well known, *Spoon River An- ology* consists of one-page poems hich express the meaning of life to number of those lying in Spoon iver cemetery. It allows them to eak beyond the grave, as it were. lasters is one of our American writers ho has spoken beyond the grave. His me may be more or less neglected w. This will change. His greatness unmistakable. His position and his fluence on American literature of the th century are unchallengeable.

A sweet, shy man, with many char- ter defenses to cover up the hurt life, the hurts he felt for himself d for many of his fellow citizens, a an of fine sensibility and, at the me time, of prejudices, he revealed us a beautiful and ironic vision of e fate of many Americans.

This vision reveals, also, something the tragic, aspiring fate of man. asters beautifully told us the story human clay. This is one element the beauty of *Spoon River Anthol- y.*

One of his prejudices was directed ainst Abraham Lincoln. We could that Lincoln was a Masters charac- who lived before the poet. Yet lgar Lee Masters disliked Lincoln. owever, I think the most beautiful em of his which I ever read is a bute to the great, martyred Presi- nt. This is the poem, *Ann Rut- lge,* in *Spoon River Anthology.*

Out of me unworthy and unknown
The vibration of deathless music;
"With malice toward none, with
charity for all."
Out of me forgiveness of millions
towards millions,
And the beneficent face of a nation
Shining with justice and truth.
I am Ann Rutledge who sleeps
beneath these weeds,
Beloved in life of Abraham Lincoln,
Wedded to him, not through union,
But through separation.
Bloom forever, O Republic,
From the dust of my bosom.

Here the vision of America, the on of Lincoln, of Walt Whitman is pressed in a few beautiful lines, and h a simplicity as great as the gnificent simplicity of Lincoln him- f. And here the vision of Masters, self, is also expressed.


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# Commedia dell' arte in a 55th street salo

**photographs by William Miller and Winston Arrington**

In a satirical, topical bit called "The Living Newspaper," three Compass members stage items from the day's news. Here the inspiration is an advice column in the **Sun-Times**.

An offspring of theater, so far removed from the o stage as to seem illegitimate, is in business these at Compass, a studio room adjacent to a saloon at east 55th street. Compass was the idea of pro David Shepherd, whose local activities in the past years have struck some sparks ("Playwrights The April 1954; "First Nights in a Barroom," January The theory behind it is theater for the millions practice is improvised plays done by a group of u resourceful and entertaining people, and the res often a capacity house six nights a week.

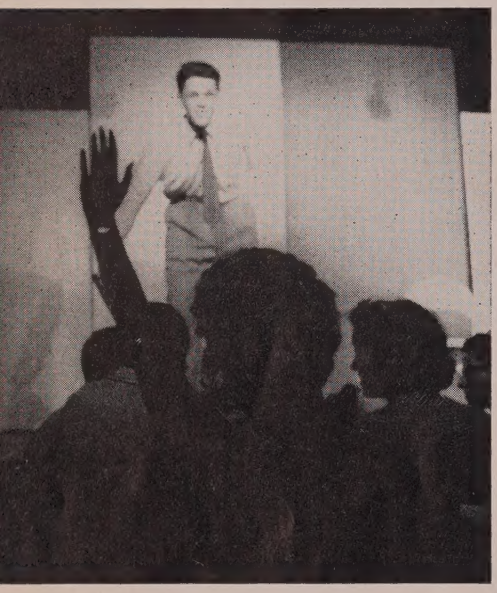
Audience during an impromptu. The subject of play, roles for the characters and the plot are culled by a director from shouted suggestions by audience. Example: someone named a theme — thanasia (a different groundling immediately clamor "Make it juvenile delinquency in Asia"); a thr scene play involving a mercy killing was plotted about 20 minutes and staged immediately by fo

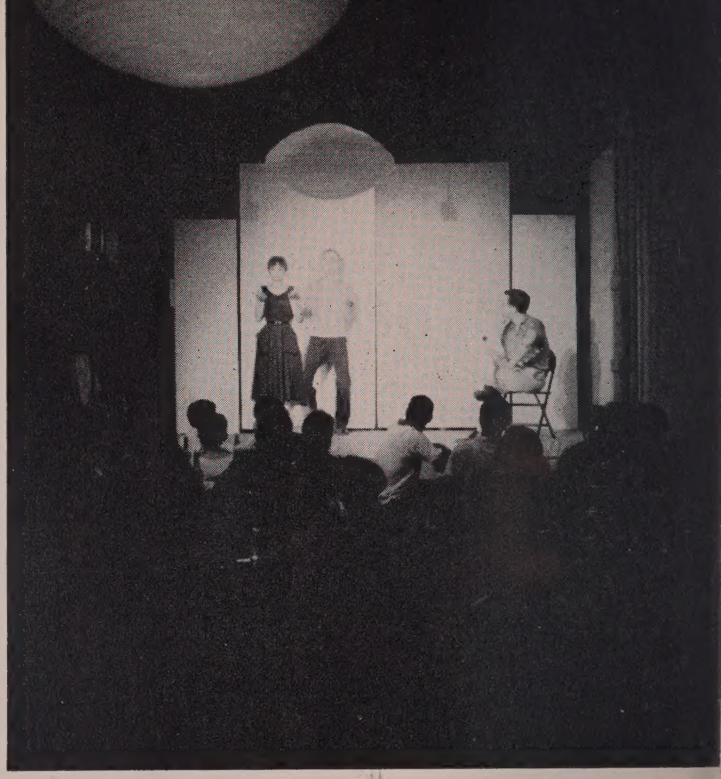
with hastily-rigged costume
quick-witted interpretation to
she can vary whenever a good
ts her. Actors momentarily off
ouble as waiters, serving drinks
e bar next door.

The audience is informal, spontaneous, heckling, comes from all ove· town tho there is a steady clientele of Hyde Park denizens who arrive on bicycles and sometimes bring box lunches. The entertainment is fast-moving and intermittent, but because it is largely impromptu it is never twice the same. People hate to leave, clamor for more, and the actors, who mean to shut down at midnight, often keep it up for a couple of extra hours.

Five nights a week, Compass has programs beginning at 9 p.m.; weekends there are late shows too. Monday night is folk music; Tuesday is the workshop, when only audience-directed impromptus are done.

Shepherd — producer, scenario-writer, actor, waiter — pulls story out of audience. Plots range from he-she situations to philosophical dilemmas such as God's debates with Himself before He decided upon the creation of the world. Stage, behind Shepherd, consists of colored, moving panels.





In dialog, the only taboo is a cliche. Sometimes uncomfortably realistic, other times spontaneously witty (Red Riding Hood: "But you don't look like my grandmother." Wolf: "I've had a change of life."), occasional lags are bridged by lots of action and pantomime.

Overflow crowd on the sidewalk in front. In the bar (the former Hi-Hat) are classical music over a hi-fi set, a bookshelf of reference works and current reading and a bartender who recites poetry. Patrons can get a brochure on how to write a play.

Paul Sills, director, says, "Co
pass, if carried to its logical co
clusion, is a sort of 'do it yo
self' movement. I'd like to s
neighborhoods all over the c
form groups like this. It's a sea
for a community."

Picture credits, top to bottom and left to right: page 60, Winston Arrington (3), William Miller; p.61, Arrington, Miller (2); p. Miller, Arrington, Miller (2).

# The Onion Patch

This may be the only city in the world where a citizen becomes an agent of the law by violating the law.

It is a universal practice, of course, for a crook to turn state's evidence and lessen his own penalty by helping society put away his business associates. But a peculiarly local refinement was present in an incident that took place a few weeks ago on north Wabash avenue.

The central character, whose name could have been Charley, was looking for a parking space about seven o'clock one evening when he found his progress blocked by three friends who were standing in the street laughing and pointing.

They might have been called Joanna, Bob and Pete. Their attention was directed toward a young man who was sleeping off a drunk on the trunk lid of a parked car. Anxious to see what was going on, Charley double-parked his car and joined them. Bob, who is a free-lance photographer, was darting around taking pictures of the local color vignette from every conceivable angle.

Several other people stopped to watch the working press and its victim, and a number of moderately successful jokes were uncorked. Charley learned that Pete, acting as director of the documentary film sequence, had called the police in order to insure a suitable finish.

A squad soon pulled up and disgorged a sergeant and a patrolman. Knowing that they were to assume central roles in a whimsical human drama, they were jovial and just a bit self-conscious as they approached the sleeper. One began taking his pulse and the other agitated his shoulder. Both looked squarely at the lens of the camera.

Not being a newspaper photographer, Bob said, "Don't look at me. Just do whatever would be natural." The police continued to shake the drunk gently until he came to life.

"We'll charge you with 193-2," said the sergeant lightly. "Oh yeah," replied the tippler, "193-2; that's carrying a loaded revolver, isn't it?"

The sergeant looked around and asked, "Who's the complainant?" There was no suggestion of a reply. "C'mon," he insisted, "who's the complainant."

The silence became deeper and the officer tried a new line of questioning. "Who called us?" he asked.

"I did," Pete finally admitted, "but I don't want to sign a complaint against this guy. I don't have anything against him."

"You don't have to sign anything," said the sergeant. "Just give us your name. We have to have a complainant or this guy might sue us for false arrest."

Pete refused to identify himself. Just then the sergeant saw a chance to break the case. Noticing Charley's car and thinking it belonged to Pete, he scolded, "You don't have any front license plate."

"That's not my car," Pete said. He pointed across the street and added, "Mine's over there."

"Well, whose car is this?" the sergeant wanted to know. Charley acknowledged that it was his and cited the difficulty of keeping a license plate on the prow-like front bumper of a 1953 Plymouth.

"I know," said the sergeant patiently. "I won't give you a ticket, but somebody has to be the complainant. Let me see your driver's license."

Charley gave the policeman his license and his name was copied off. Thus he became the complainant, with the solemn duty of not going to court, so that the case could be dismissed for lack of prosecution.

THIS COLUMN HAS, from time to time, contained a few uncharitable remarks about newspapers, and it seems only just that the achievements of those publications be recognized along with their shortcomings. Here is a bow, then, to a new journal, one which makes up in readability what it lacks in weight. It is the *Junior News*, a hectographed two-pager put out weekly by Mr. and Mrs. Caryl Reaver of Highland Park for the kids in their neighborhood.

On the front page the youngsters write short, trenchant pieces about local events of more than routine interest. The exposé is a standard offering, as in this story by 10-year-old Barbara Herbert: "Mrs. Peters broke her leg one Monday morning while looking at something when she was going to shake her mop out. Mrs. Peters has a small cast called a knee cast. Her son, Jack, just came home from the army. He likes a girl from England. Her name is Sally. Jack's car is a convertible. Mrs. Peters' daughter, Joan, just got married to a very nice man named Marty. And Mr. Peters is just like a man, smokes a pipe after a hard day's work, wants a foot rester for his feet, and calls for his slippers. Just like a man."

The personal confession article is another *Junior News* staple. Joey Collins, age 9, reveals: "Jos. Collins hit Bobby Hanson in the mouth."

The back page of the paper is devoted to classified ads, all of the employment wanted variety. The children offer several kinds of services, stating their rates for each task. Nine-year-old Betty Herbert, who knows which side her cake is frosted on, wants a quarter an hour for weeding gardens, but will "assist at birthday parties" for 20 cents a party.

A FEW SUNDAYS AGO the first page of the *Tribune* book section featured an "adaptation" by staff artist Gary Sheahan of the cover of a new book entitled *American Skyline*. The picture showed a great clump of awesome skyscrapers, including an idealized version of the Tribune tower about 60 stories high. A suspicion was thereby aroused and it was confirmed by a look at the actual book jacket. The original design was similar to Sheahan's with one notable exception — it contained no Tribune tower.

— A. W.

# Readers & Writers

### Chassis Now, Engine Later

*Sir:* Walter Ryberg's article in your June issue [The Happy Hell-Bent Thousand], while deeply indebted to similar articles by Ken Purdy, was, on the whole, quite entertaining. However, I must, as a loyal Bugattiste (I own a Type 57), protest the inaccuracy of his statement at the end of the article – "the Duesenberg and the Bugatti are no longer in production . . ."

This is certainly true of the Duesenberg. But there is still a Bugatti plant at Molsheim and also, as before, a former Grand Prix driver (now Marco) as general manager. Should Mr. Ryberg wish to purchase a Type 101 (chassis only), he may do so at once. The price for the supercharged engine is 2,200,000 francs; unsupercharged, 1,900,000 francs. Delivery: four months.

JOHN COLMAN

*Type 101 appeared in the Paris show, October, 1951, the first one since Germany had taken over the Bugatti factory during the war. Bugatti died in 1947, after having won a suit to get his Molsheim plant back from Germany. His sons took over after that, making railway cars, agricultural machinery, fishing boats and a handful of automobiles. To learn that they are producing on a big enough scale to state definite prices is good news.*
WALTER RYBERG

### The Big Guy with the Little Point

*Sir:* One of the fellows who wrote in and picked the all-time Chicago team [The Old White Sox Were Best – July] described Ray Schalk as "the little guy with the big mitt." Schalk always used a small glove, smaller, I believe, than the glove used at the present time. This is a small thing, but I thought I'd tell you.

JIM FARRELL,
New York, New York

### Two Schools, Two Thoughts

*Sir:* Please cancel our subscription. We felt the pictures in the dance studio sequence [What Comes Off Here – July] quite vulgar, bordering on the low-classed side. Your magazine may be suitable for the "arty" young sophisticate, but I don't feel it has a place in the home of people striving to maintain culture and refinement.

MRS. ROBERT L. DU GENE,
Winnetka

*Sir:* Your article on the Institute of Design [July] was a solid piece of reporting on an important institution. Your treatment of the directorial controversy was objective and clear, as was your statement of the cultural role of the ID in the worlds of art and education. This clear view of the issues may help resolve them.

FRIEND OF THE
INSTITUTE OF DESIGN

### Boosters Fall Out

*Sir:* I would like Earl Finberg's readers to know what he described as an empty park [Canoe Country – July]. The waters are blue with tinges of red and silver. They bubble out of wooded wilderness like none other on earth. The wind is clean and sharp, filled with wood sounds and bird calls. The pines baking in the noonday sun give off a perfume that is a delight to the senses. In summer berries of all descriptions fill the woods soon after the wild flowers. Animal life is abundant. I have just begun, but if that is an empty park I'm for it.

Who knows, maybe Mr. Finberg was trying to save his wealth, much as a chipmunk hoards nuts, from prying tourists.

BILL ERICKSEN
Duluth, Minnesota

*Sir:* The story [Canoe Country – July] allegedly authored and really signed by Earl Finberg is obnoxious, a product of a biased and warped mind.

It is true that we have been opposed to the so-called air ban over the roadless area of the Superior National forest. Our stand on that has been that there should be air transportation to established private places in that area, mostly to allow our guests who otherwise do not have the time nor perhaps the physical stamina to enjoy the wilderness that God created for all to use wisely. We resent bitterly that people using aircraft as a means of access to these places are to be called such obnoxious names as "teeth-suckers." Further, we would like to clarify a statement that the roadless area is a mere dot in the Superior National forest. Actually it comprises over 509 square miles – over a million acres – and surely there is room for all who love the wilderness, no matter how they choose to go in and out.

We trust you will publish this letter. It is written in all sincerity.

STAN PECHAV
Executive Secretary
Ely (Minnesota) Chamber
of Commerce

*The letter allegedly written but actually signed by reader Pechaver confirms Finberg's appraisal of the enmity between the teeth-suckers and the Thoreau-quoters.*